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THE Judgment of Paris!

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A TALE OF THE
BORDER-LAND OF ART.

IN FOUR ACTS.

—BY—
✓
W. W. YOUNG.

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SCENE:

PARIS AND VICINAGE.

TIME:

THE FIRST EMPIRE.

CHARACTERS:

TRISTAN,
—*Son and Heir of the Marquis de Gros Caillon*—

THE BARON GEROME,

BEAUJOLAIS,

CINQFOIL,

NARCISSE,

ANATOLE,

MERCURE,

CHERON,

JOSEPH,

MAITRE DE BALLET,

HELENE,

MARGOT,

CELESTE,

MADOLON,

CORALIE.

TMP92-007599

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

ACT I.

THE FOYER OF THE DANCE.

SCENE.—*The dancers foyer of the Opera, under the first Empire. For plan and details see accompanying drawing.*

MARGOT, a coryphee, discovered, completing a “pas”, in the centre of a group of figurantes. MADELON, CORALIE, CELESTE, and other coryphees and figurantes, R. and L., in conversation with CINQFOIL, NARCISSE, ANATOLE, and other gentlemen. CINQFOIL and NARCISSE at table R. F., ANATOLE, L. The ladies all in the costume of the ballet, garbed to represent Bacchantes. The gentlemen in the fashionable evening dress of the period.

At curtain, all eyes are fixed upon MARGOT. The figurantes form picture of which she is the centre. The gentlemen applaud vigorously.

ALL. Brava! Brava! Encore!

MARGOT. [*Imposing silence.*] My children! St! Do you wish to “call out” the Director? [*Drapes herself in cloak which has been thrown across back of chair, R.*]

CINQFOIL. Terpsichore in person, newly descended from the blue empyrean! Poetry in motion!

MARGOT. Ah, Monsieur Cinqfoil, so you are good enough to



say! But wait till Mademoiselle begins her step. For me a compliment, behind the scenes—for her, an ovation, yonder! For me a line in to-morrow's *Feuilleton*—for her a column! And what says the critic—Cinqfoil I *hate* her!

CINQFOIL. That I can well believe.

MARGOT. And you?

CINQFOIL. Oh—I—Mademoiselle—But would that I were critic of the *Feuilleton*! Then you should see. For instead of filling my columns with silly comments on her dancing, I should publish her biography! And I should come to *you* for my information.

MARGOT. [*Clapping her hands.*] You shall have it now!

CINQFOIL. Agreed!

ANATOLE. Brava, again!

CINQFOIL. The full and only true account of her rise and progress.

MARGOT. True! on the honor of—

CINQFOIL. Her rival!

MARGOT. Umph! Her rival! Narcisse, fill the glasses. [*Sets herself—folds her arms.*] We shall just have time.

ANATOLE. A treat! A treat! A chapter of memoirs! [*All gather about to listen.*]

CINQFOIL. Now, gentlemen!

NARCISSE. And if Mademoiselle is as clever with her tongue as with her—heels.

CINQFOIL. But upon such a topic! Order!

MARGOT. It was thus. One day in the course of his after dinner promenade—how long ago, ask Mademoiselle—Monsieur the Baron, who was always of a mousing turn of mind, discovered in the Place du Chatelet, an imp—a creature of the streets—spare, sallow, sullen—who pirouetted on the slack-rope whilst her master, the conjuror, rested after swallowing his sword. Something about the child—what was it?—who can account for the fancies of these men?—her great round eyes—her meagre limbs—her glare like that of a famished wild beast—*something* engaged his eye. He said to her, “Follow me! You shall be greater than Camargo!”

CINQFOIL. And she followed!

MARGOT. Trust her for that! She followed!

CINQFOIL. Lucky fellow!

MARGOT. Who? The Baron?

CINQFOIL. Oh, no, Mademoiselle—but I!

MARGOT. That it was not you she followed! That, you may say, my poor Cinqfoil! For reflect upon the cost! The music teacher, and the dancing master! the professor of etiquette, and the professor of languages! the milliner! the dress-maker! the jeweller! the maker of stays! and the painter of faces! Yes—and a hundred yet to mention! Since all these go to the making of a greater than Camargo! And finally, when these have done their best—and worst—when she can sing, when she can pound the keys, when she can curtsy, when she can converse with a Minister of State, when she can repeat the creed in Latin, when she can even dance—after a fashion—Monsieur announces to the world: “Behold, a prodigy!”

NARCISSE. And what does the world reply?

MARGOT. Stupid! What should the world reply?

CINQFOIL. Yes, stupid! What should the world reply?

MARGOT. As though that little matter were not all arranged!

CINQFOIL. Why certainly! Monsieur Narcisse, your innocence astounds me. Listen! The world replies!

[*Long continued applause heard without. Margot rises angrily.*]

Enter BEAUJOLAIS, door “A.” He claps his hands.

BEAU. Encore! Encore! Come, ladies, where are your hands? I have observed this—when the boxes are most noisy, the foyer is most silent—and *vice versa*. How remarkable! Who can explain it? Mademoiselle. [*Bows to Margot*]

MARGOT. Well, *blagueur*, it is you again.

BEAU. Like the inevitable pewter franc! As you observe. But to-night I have a good excuse; since, though my name is not Diogenes, and I have loaned my lantern to the driver of the fiacre, I positively seek an honest man.

MARGOT. What! In the foyer of the dance!

BEAU. Mademoiselle is severe. If now I had said woman—

CINQFOIL. [*Rising.*] Well, Monsieur?

MARGOT. Cinqfoil, my friend, respect the cap and bells! I present to you Monsieur Beaujolais, court-fool, and captain of horse, who having failed as a soldier, fancies that he may now do execution with his wit—which, alas, is even rustier than his sword. [*CINQFOIL and BEAUJOLAIS exchange bows.*]

BEAU. You do me too much honor. Well just so! And now that the formalities have been complied with, let the sport proceed! For I take it that your occupation is to criticise the favorite. Now

I should be most happy to take part. Pray don't let the conversation flag on my account. If I can contribute anything, in the way of personal anecdotes, or slanderous reminiscences, command me. And I think I can. Indeed, did modesty permit I should feel tempted to assert that you will find me quite an acquisition. For see! I have come provided. [*Takes volume from his pocket.*] Should the present phase of the subject be exhausted, I have here an account of her first appearance—

MARGOT. No?

BEAU. Nearly three thousand years ago!

MARGOT. Save us! She is even older than I thought.

BEAU. A pocket edition, bound in calf; from samples furnished by her admirers.

MARGOT. [*Embracing him.*] Jacques, I forgive you.

BEAU. Shall we read a line?

MARGOT. A line! The entire volume if you like.

ALL. Hear! hear!

BEAU. I regret that time will not permit. But you shall have a taste of its quality; and would that I could do the subject justice.

MARGOT. [*Seating herself.*] Silence! You, there! Narcisse, hold your tongue!

BEAU. With your very kind permission. Hem! You will notice that compared with modern journalism, the style is somewhat overdone. [*Reads.*]

It so befell that once upon a time,
Before the shepherd Paris, as he roved—

MARGOT. Stuff! It is poetry!

BEAU. Mademoiselle it was the fashion in that day. [*Reads.*]

It so befell that once upon a time,
Before the shepherd Paris, as he roved,
Guarding his flocks, upon a slope of Ida,
There came three Queens from Heaven, to contest
The palm of man's approval, and they spake:
"Which of us three is fairest—which best worth
The winning? Choose—and as thy choice shall fall
Bestow the prize." Then in his hand they placed
The apple of red gold, which Eris cast
Upon the banquet table of the Gods.

And first, the royal Hera, spouse of Jove,
Preferred her suit: "O, Paris, hear me well!
Lo this fair apple is thy golden youth,
Which, so thou barter wisely, wins for thee
A seat upon Olympus—but he warned—
Once, and once only, shalt thou name thy choice,
And then keep silence. I am Hera—I—

And, with this gift of gifts, I make thee mine !"
 She ceased, and flashed before his dazzled sight,
 A naked sword, and on the blade was writ
 "POWER!"—But Paris mused a little space,
 And turned aside, and answered, "Let me hear."

Then spake the second, hollow eyed, and pale,
 With sad, stern voice : "I am Athena—I !
 And these my attributes among the Gods—
 Knowledge, self-wisdom, virtue, self-control !
 Short is my wooing. Wilt thou reign with me?
 Take up thy scepter !" At his feet she cast
 A reed, in fashion like a poet's pen,
 And on the shaft, graven in lines of fire,
 A word of rapture, "FAME." But Paris mused,
 And turned aside, and answered : "Let me hear !"

Then third, the last, and fairest yet of all,
 The subtle Aphrodite, ocean-born,
 Arose, and stood, a flower amid the flowers.
 No word she spake, but waved her hand, and, lo !
 Half-clad, at some fair vintage festival,
 And leered upon by satyrs of the wood,
 Through the mad measures of the Bacchic dance,
 The Grecian Helen floated like a dream—
 Fairer than sin—her hair unbound—her eyes
 Sultry with lightnings, and her lips apart,
 As one who murmurs : "Follow ! follow ! follow !"
 And ever onward—"Follow !" fainter still,
 Still farther, fainter, till the vision paled,
 And left him straining after, hands and eyes.

Then, through the silence, throbbed a tender voice :
 "Behold my gift !"

And Paris said "I choose !"

MARGOT. Bravo Paris !

BEAU. —

And Paris said I choose—
 Yea, with a mighty, passionate, strong cry—
 "Sweet are the dreams of power—sweet is fame—
 But sweeter yet, than all sweet things that be,
 Whether on earth, in heaven, sea, or air,
 O, Love, take thou my youth !"—And thereupon—

MARGOT. [*Snatching the volume.*]

O, Love ! take thou my youth ! And thereupon—

BEAU. But I have not yet finished.

MARGOT. Bah ! What need to finish ! Who could not guess
 the rest ? Forever the stale old story—slander ! abuse of woman !
 Come ! It is a fable, as musty as a skull from the catacombs, but
 what does it teach ? And he that cannot furnish a moral, shall pay
 for the supper after the ballet.

CINQFOIL. It is a contract !

MARGOT. Cinqfoil, you have the preference.



CINQFOIL. Crystal could not be clearer! This fable is simply intended to remind us that since time began, whenever the devil particularly wishes to tempt man, he takes the form of—[*Rising.*]

MARGOT. What? Coxcomb!

CINQFOIL. [*Pirouetting with lifted arms.*] A lovely woman floating through the dance!

MARGOT. Let the undertaker be notified. Cinqfoil has perpetrated a bon-mot.

BEAU. [*To Cinqfoil.*] Be encouraged. It is a sign of convalescence.

MARGOT. Next! Come, Sir Oracle!

BEAU. But really, Mademoiselle—

MARGOT. Then you will pay the forfeit.

BEAU. Not while philosophy is cheaper than champagne. Let us say then:—this fable is intended to remind us, that whereas Lucifer tempted Eve, with the apple of knowledge, it has become necessary to offer to her daughters, apples of gold!

MARGOT. Slanderers all! Now will you hear the truth! This fable is simply intended to remind us that as it *is*, and as it *has been*, so it shall ever be! let sages frown, and poets sneer and slander, love is yet stronger than the sword, and greater than the pen!

BEAU. Alas!

CINQFOIL, NARCISSE, and ANATOLE. [*Together.*] Hear! Hear!

MARGOT. O warrior! O poet! Go, fight your battles—write your sonnets—struggle, and toil, and hope!—and burn and freeze, and starve!—and, at last, when the victory is won, come! lay your laurels at my feet; and I will—*love* you!

BEAU. For thirty days!

CINQFOIL. Without grace. Hear! Hear! Hear!

Enter BARON GEROME, door “A.”

MARGOT. As behold! by way of illustration! [*Points to Gerome.*]

BEAU. What an admirable illustration!

MARGOT. Here is Monsieur, the Baron. The ribbons of a dozen orders decorate his breast, the twinge of age is in his bones—and a nosegay in his button-hole.

GEROME. [*Bowing.*] Yes, yes, yes! Ladies, your most obedient! Gentlemen, I trust I don't intrude.

MARGOT. This way, please. You are wanted.

GEROME. Ah? In what capacity?

BEAU. By way of illustration.

GEROME. Charmed, I'm sure. [*Advances C. F. to MARGOT.*]

MARGOT. Monsieur, do you wish to know the future? Give me your hand. I am the seventh daughter of a seventh son.

GEROME. Pardon! Will not the heart do as well?

MARGOT. But if I were a dealer in preserved meats—

GEROME. Yes! Oh, yes!

MARGOT. [*Inspecting his palm.*] Oh, fie! Monsieur! so old, and yet so gallant!

GEROME. Old!—Mordieu!

MARGOT. But the artist who painted your face, forgot your palm. Heaven preserve us! Can you bear the worst?

GEROME. The very worst.

MARGOT. Prepare yourself. Alas, I spy a fatal influence crossing your line of love.

GEROME. Dear! dear! You quite alarm me.

MARGOT. Have a care Monsieur!

GEROME. In plainer terms.

MARGOT. [*In stage whisper.*] A rival!

GEROME. Ah! I breathe again.

MARGOT. You smile!

GEROME. But when you tell me something so amusing—[*Snuff-box in hand.*]

MARGOT. Oh yes, smile! No doubt! You think yourself invulnerable, but beware! Youth, and a pretty face! These are advantages not to be despised. Do you wish to know the rest? [*Inclining her mouth to his ear.*] She will meet him *here*, to-night, at the close of the dance. It is a rendezvous. Prove if my words be not true. A hint to the wise—

BEAU. [*Crossing, and taking snuff-box from Gerome.*] Stay! I too have a little skill in divination. Pardon the impertinence!

GEROME. Monsieur!

BEAU. Croesus of Athens! Let no one boast of luxury, till he has taken snuff from a golden box! See, ladies! a crest in brilliants! [*Snuffs.*] Yes, I too have a little skill in divination, and I say to you: Though your palm be wrinkled, and your back be bowed, and your teeth as false as your smile—fear nothing! Your snuff-box lid is a ticket to Mahonet's paradise. [*Returns box, which Gerome takes angrily.*]

GEROME. Bah! [*General laughter.*]

Enter, MAITRE DE BALLET, door "A."

MAITRE DE BALLET. Ladies—the finale! [*Exit.*]

CINQFOIL. [*Rising.*] Forward all! [*A general confusion ensues. The ladies wearing wraps, remove them and entrust them to their gentlemen attendants.*]

MARGOT. La! la! la!—la! la! Cinqfoil! My fan! my wrap! my vinaigrette!

CINQFOIL. Gentlemen of the baggage train! Attention! [*Taking the articles she hands him.*]

MARGOT. And don't forget—[*Giving bouquet.*] when the proper time arrives—

CINQFOIL. And the proper person—[*Margot strikes his cheek*] Trust me! Where is Monsieur, the Director? I demand my salary. La! la! la!—la! la! [*Dancing, his arm about Margot's waist.*]

MARGOT. Bye, bye, Baron! This, to sweeten my prophecy! [*Kisses her hand to Gerome*]

CINQFOIL. [*Catching her hand.*] Excuse me! After me, Monsieur. [*Attempts to kiss Margot who strikes him and runs out, door "A."*]

CINQFOIL. [*Following.*] La! la! la!—la! la!
Exeunt all but GEROME and BEAUJOLAIS—CINQFOIL being the last to disappear.

BEAU. [*Approaching GEROME.*] Monsieur, even those who know each other best, and therefore—as it sometimes happens—love each other least, can afford to be polite. Shall we too, be spectators from the wings?

GEROME. Thanks! I prefer not.

BEAU. Please yourself.

GEROME. I will.

Exit BEAUJOLAIS, door "A."

GEROME. Jackanapes! Time was when clowns who jested with their betters had their wits tickled at the tail of a cart. But we have changed all that! Oh, yes, Mordieu! And in another generation, if we are lucky, a man shall be accounted as good as his tradesman—provided he have the money—and brains! I shall live to see it. But be consoled, Gerome. Though the King go a-begging, and the Queen a-borrowing, once a gentleman is always a gentleman! Yes, yes, Mordieu! they cannot rob us of that. So! It is true then—my lady has been making eyes. I half suspected it. She begins to appreciate her worth; her greatness weighs upon her! She wishes to test the practical value of her

charms. What a marvellous elixir is success!—"She will meet him—here—to-night—at the close of the dance!" Exactly so! Yes, yes; so blows the wind! I guessed as much. For it is sure that I have observed of late, a something new—a certain sparkle of the eye—a carriage of the body—a double significance of speech, which—Well, well, well! So much the better. Yes, so much the better, on my proper life! The prize that is too willing is but half a prize! To possess an article which no one else desires—that is becoming a stale sensation. "She will meet him!"—Whom?—But what does it matter? She is a woman of good taste.—A happy thought, by all the gods! She shall have leave to try her glances, and let him that is hit, cry "*peccavi*!" Should the sport become too serious, it is but to whisper the charm that she understands, and at the worst I shall have the excitement of a second conquest. Yes, a *happy* thought! But first—to fathom her exact designs! To ascertain the name, and quality of this particular unknown who does me the honor to indorse my taste. And how to begin?—Yes! Happy thought the second! Coaxing ties a woman tongue—anger loosens it. I will touch her with a hint—a gentle reminder of her obligations, and if there be a secret, it will out. [*Loud and long applause heard without.*] Hark! This is the sound that feeds her vanity! She bids them good-night, and how the rascals respond! Will she come this way? But it is not her custom. The route to the dressing-room does not lie through the foyer. Happy thought the third! If she come, my suspicions are confirmed. [*Applause without resumed and continued till the entrance of HELENE. GEROME goes up stage and places himself R. of door "A."*] Mordieu! Like Jove, she rides upon the thunder!

[*HELENE, in the garb of a Bacchante, her hair streaming, comes flying through door "A." to C. F. She pauses, and drops her face between her extended arms.*

GEROME. [*Applauding.*] Brava! Bravissima! The vixen spoke the truth. [*Bowing with mock obsequiousness.*] Upon my life, an unexpected pleasure!—to meet you, Mademoiselle, at this hour?—in the foyer? [*HELENE turns her head and regards him, remaining motionless.*] Ah, but doubtless the fatigue has been so great, and the atmosphere of the dressing room so stifling—

HELENE. Please do not waken me.

GEROME. You *sleep*, then?

HELENE. I have had a dream, Monsieur.

GEROME. [*Rubbing his hands.*] A dream! Come! That is good. And was I the hero?

HELENE. Yes.

GEROME. Come! That is very good!

HELENE. For I dreamed, Monsieur, that I danced again, in the Place du Chatelet.

GEROME. [*Aside.*] Upon my life, she leads the way.

HELENE. It was a wintry day; the air was cold; I shivered; but I danced—because I knew no other happiness. I starved, and I forgot my hunger. I had wings. I thought to myself “I am free! I shall never return to earth!”—And then I looked below me on the crowd—and there—

GEROME. Behold—your future benefactor! [*Pointing to himself.*]

HELENE. [*After pause—regarding him.*] What should a soul be worth Monsieur?

GEROME. A soul!

HELENE. Or do they quote that article upon the market? Come—for I understand! You think you have *surprised* me—in an offense against your authority!—that I have expected some one, who has not arrived! and have met with some one—who was not expected! You hold yourself my creditor; and you do not propose that I should forget your claims.—Well! let us make up our accounts!

GEROME. [*Recoiling.*] Mordieu!

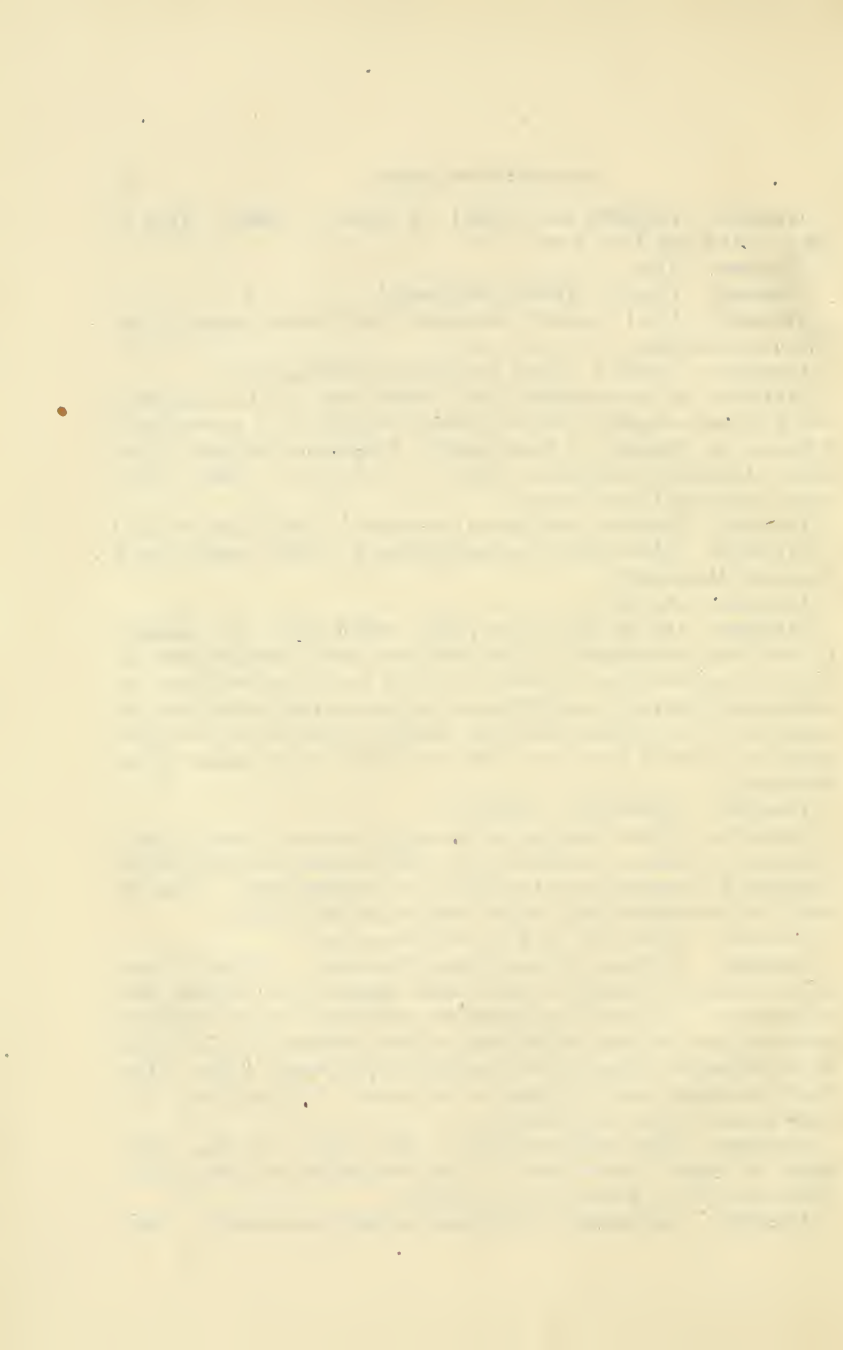
HELENE. [*Turns quickly, goes up stage, catches up a wrap of striped satin, from table L., and returning, folds her arms, and stands before* GEROME.] Present to me the bill of my indebtedness! Item by item, let us reckon up the ledger and declare the balance.

GEROME. Shades of my honorable ancestors!

HELENE. You are a learned man, Monsieur. All that I know is but a feather's weight in the scales, against your wisdom and experience. Yet you have taught me something; and I wish to prove to you that your pains have not been wasted—that, at last, I have learned to estimate your bounty, at its proper value. You shall speak first—and I promise to be patient. Use your time. We shall have no better opportunity.

GEROME. Well, well, well! But, upon my life, affairs begin to take a novel turn. This disarranges my programme. Artful devil! she has stolen my powder.

HELENE. [*Impatiently.*] Please do not keep me waiting. Sure-



ly you have preserved a record of your charities. Or if not, can you not, at least, remind me of the rags in which you found me—the tattered skirt—the tarnished spangles—the cast-off finery of some more fortunate waif, with its shreds and fringes fluttering in the wind! You see, I have not forgotten. Can you not speak of the wretched booth of the mountebank, with its swaying, weather-beaten curtains—of the cart, with its cushion of straw—the pony, with his harness of thongs—the dinner of crusts, and herbs! Ah, Saints of Grace! the happy, happy days!

GEROME. [*Quickly.*] Mordien! Perhaps you would like them to return.

HELENE. [*Quickly in reply.*] And if I should, would *you* provide the way?—Then, can you not call to my remembrance the spell, which has fallen on this poverty—a transformation, like a wonder of enchantment—which has made of the conjuror's cart, a Cinderella's coach; which has exchanged the beads, for brilliants; and the clatter of the sabots and the brutal laughter of the streets, for the thunders of the Opera! And for all this, thanks to you.

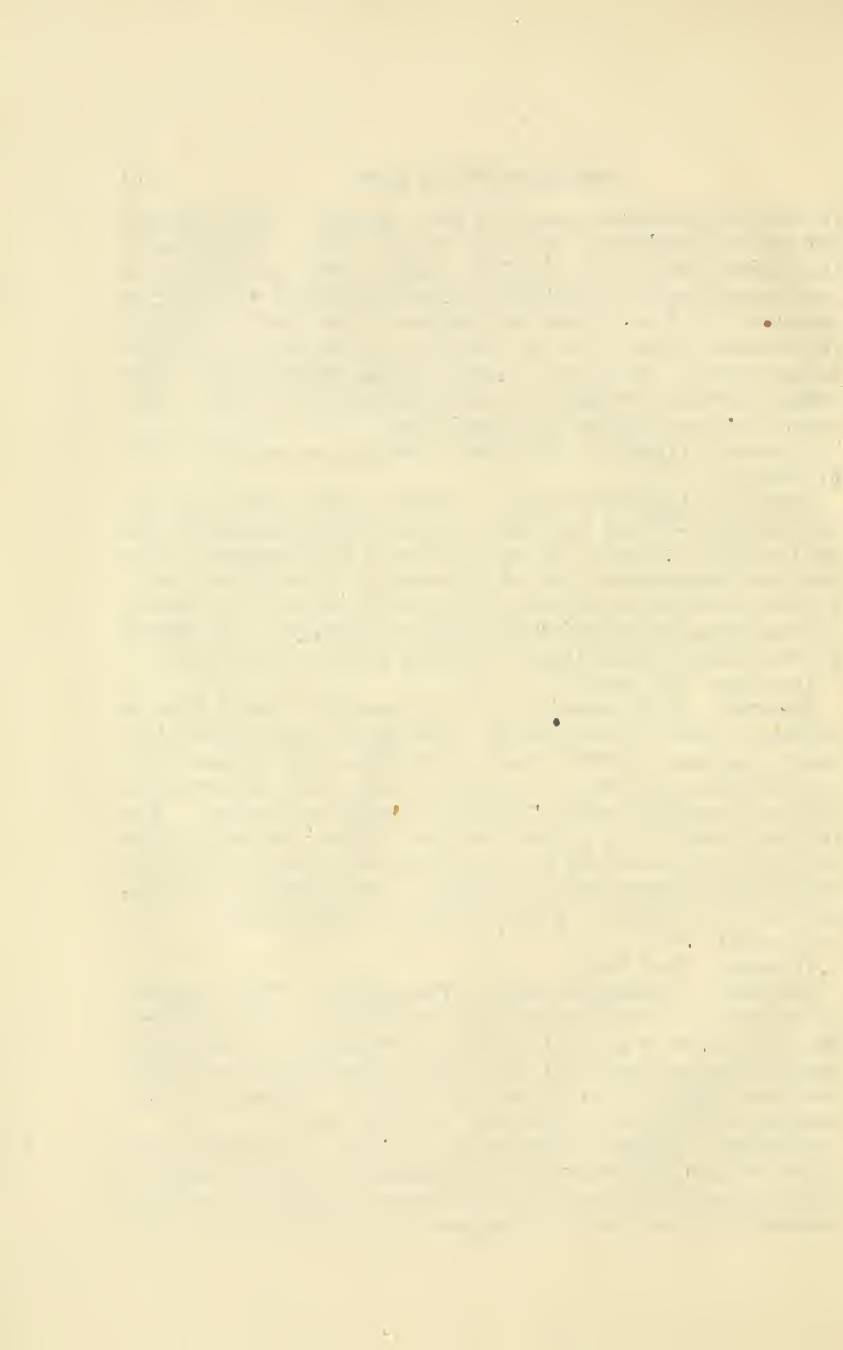
GEROME. Yes, yes—

HELENE. Well, should I not be grateful? Should I not be *satisfied*? Even, if this were all! The list is long; the items are many; the sum is great. And yet the balance is against you! Yes, Monsieur, to complete an equal barter, there is something lacking! something, without which I am still your creditor! You lift your brows. You profess to wonder. Have you nothing more to urge. But the student in the song, who sold direct to the Evil One, received wealth, praise—and *honor*! Now either he was overpaid, or I am robbed! Will you make your title perfect? *Give me a name!*

GEROME. Ho! ho-o!

HELENE. A name, Monsieur!—You will not! Then you confess the cheat. And this, which you withhold, is, of all the list, the only bribe of real value. You have duped me! You have played upon my ignorance! You have imposed upon me, with a worthless bargain—and I owe you nothing! [*Turns, and calls, stamping with her foot.*] Mercure! Are you there?

GEROME. [*Quickly.*] But one more word! I comprehend you—yes, my dear Mademoiselle—I comprehend—but upon my life—Give me one little moment, pray, to recover breath—to recall my scattered faculties, that I may express to you the admiration—yes,



the awe—with which your genius overwhelms me. So, *this* is the scheme which your ambition thinks to compass! Beautiful! Oh, more than beautiful! Magnificent! Superb! But who would have dreamed it—on my soul and body! Veritably, Mademoiselle, you have danced us many a brilliant measure—yes, yes, yes—many a startling *tour de force*—O, yes—but what a step is this which you propose!—“*Io*,” then—yes “*Io*,” my fair Bacchante! Let the music sound! And as I am a Baron, and a gentleman, depend upon it—should you win—you will find me first, as ever heretofore, to cry “*Bravissima!*”

Enter TRISTAN, door “A.” He pauses, and regards GEROME menace ingly. GEROME starts, and glances backward.

[*Aside.*] So, so! And this is the party who will pay the fiddler! Everything is clear. What an *apropos* arrival! [*To TRISTAN.*] Monsieur are you sure of foot? Have you steady nerves, and an ear for time, and a head that does not soon grow dizzy? If so, behold your golden opportunity; for here is a lady who desires a partner, in a *pas de deux*!

HELENE. [*To TRISTAN.*] No! I forbid you to speak.

GEROME. Well, well, well; we shall see. Mordieu! Yes, we shall see.

Retreats bowing. Exit door “A.”

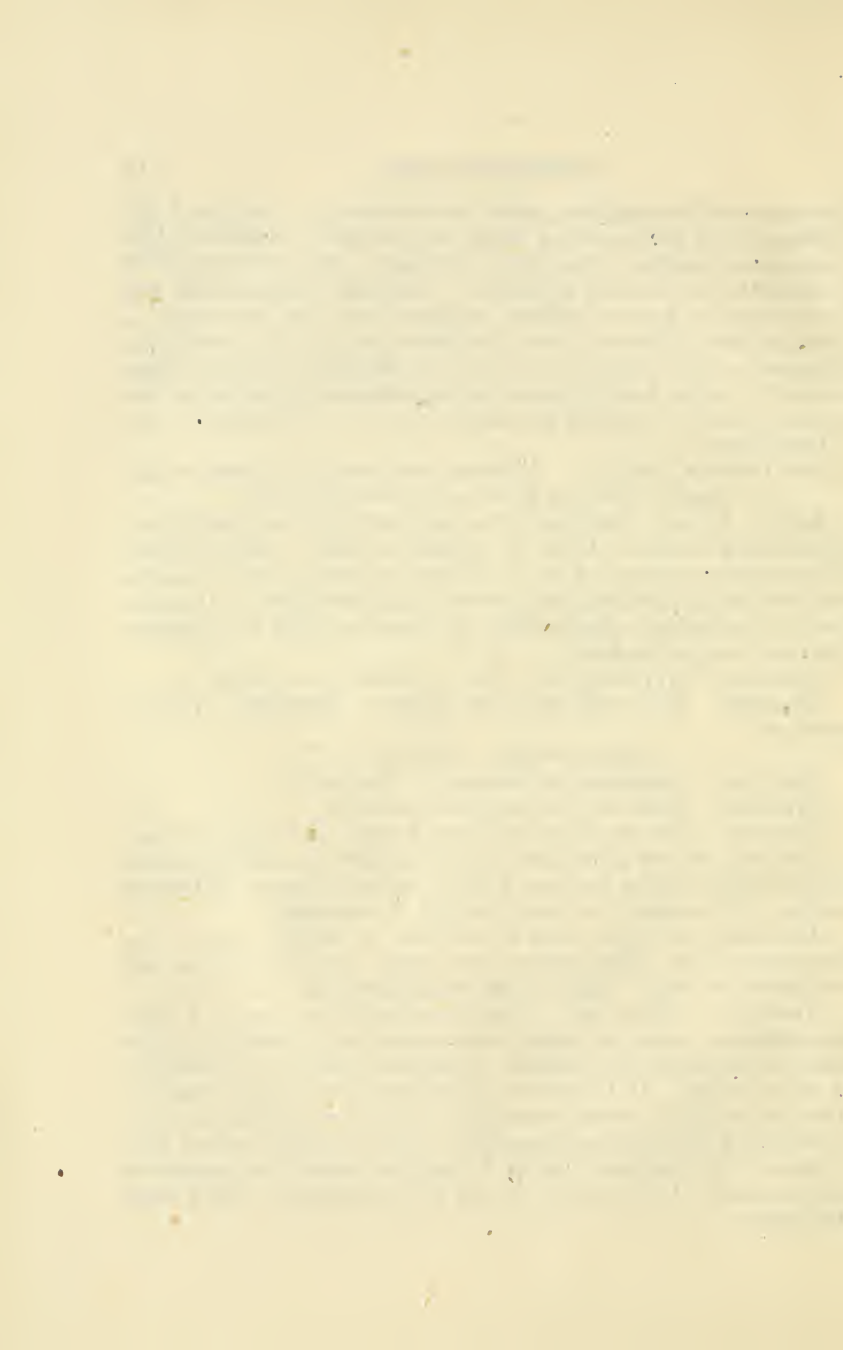
TRISTAN. [*Looking after GEROME.*] Who is it?

HELENE. Well—it is no one that you know.

TRISTAN. But one of whom I have heard!—I do not like him.—And why do you admit him to such familiarities, when you know that already—But to be sure, it is no affair of mine. [*HELENE smiles.*] Oh laugh, then, since you find it so amusing!

HELENE. Savage! And if I choose to laugh? Am I answerable to you? But perhaps you prefer that I should be sad when you are near. Well, if that will please you—

TRISTAN. “*Please me!*” But that which pleases me is of little consequence; since you prefer the honeyed lies of flattery, to the truth from the lips of a friend. And when did you ever listen to a sober word? If I were to tell you that you wrong yourself—that you justify the worst reports of malice when you but lend an ear to the whispers of such parasites—why you would answer with a smile: Do you know his age? Do you know his reputation among men? Do you know the list of his villanies? Oh, I *could* tell you—



HELENE. But you need not.

TRISTAN. No, since that might rob you of your last excuse—the excuse of ignorance.

HELENE. I know that you are jealous—very jealous—and without a reason. I know that you are angry—very angry—and without a cause. And let us reflect, Monsieur. You reproach me that I listen to the “honeyed lies of flattery,” and close my ears to the “truth from the lips of a friend.” But who is to teach me to distinguish, which is flatterer, and which is friend? Am I to know them by their pretty speeches? But this one says: “You are beautiful, Mademoiselle.” Is this a “lie?” Another says: “My dear Mademoiselle, you dance divinely!”—Well, is this a “lie?” But the third one says: “These others are but parasites; you must not believe them!” He warns me to distrust their praises. He tells me that the air I breathe is foul, and reeking with poison; that this very rapture of applause, without which I have *nothing*, is an empty sound. He asks me to surrender all my joys, all my triumphs—in return for what?

TRISTAN. Well, in return for what?

HELENE. But you should know.

TRISTAN. Since I am the third!

HELENE. Yes—if you recognize the portrait.

TRISTAN. Let me hear.

HELENE. In return, Monsieur, for *that which is not his to give*. Now whose offence is greatest?

TRISTAN. Then I can give you but one more pledge. For I guess your thoughts. I can give you but one more guaranty. [*Takes miniature from his pocket.*] See! In his name—yes in the name of the ogre whom you dread, and whose consent assures our happiness, I here renew my solemn obligation. I renew it, and I claim you—yes, I *claim* you, Mademoiselle—from this life, which like a burning fever consumes your blood—from the glare of these hateful lamps, which expose you to the eyes of lust, and insult; I claim you, for the love, the honor, the protection of a home! And now should you yet refuse to believe, it is because you *will* not be convinced.

HELENE. [*Taking miniature.*] Your father?

TRISTAN. [*Looking assent.*] Others preserve the image of a mother; but to me there is no such being even in remembrance—for the date of my birth, is the date upon her tomb. Am I not well

named "Tristan?"—"sorrowful year!" And yet, my loss has doubtless been my gain, since it has given me, instead, this friend, the first, the best of mortals!

HELENE. [*Glancing aside from the portrait, which she inspects curiously.*] Ah, Monsieur!

TRISTAN. [*Kissing her hand.*] Save one!—From the first dawn of memory, I can recall but this one face, above my cradle. The guardian of my infancy, it became the playmate of my childhood; in later years, my confidant, my brother.—In all our lives, we have known but a single cause of difference. I was a pupil at St. Cyr. I had my plans; they were wild perhaps; when was it otherwise with the plans of youth? But he, a simple hermit, buried in the contemplation of a grief which he perpetually renews, and shunning the society of men, how could he sympathize with my ambition? His love took fright. He feared a separation. It was not that his arguments were so convincing, but how could I resist the pleadings of this pale, sad face? At length it is all arranged. For a year I am free—if I choose. Then I am to return to Gros Caillou. I am to live as my fathers lived. I am to read in the hall of the old Chateau; I am to hunt in its forests. I am to hold my petty courts. I am to collect my rents. I am to die, as my fathers died—and be buried.

HELENE. You need not tell me more.

TRISTAN. [*Continuing, quickly.*] And can you doubt that when I return to him for whom I have made this sacrifice—when I say to him: "See, I do not even claim my year. I am content. I have come—never again to leave you. But as you loved *her*, whose loss you still deplore, so I, too, love!—one who is as pure—as beautiful—who will wear her honors, just as worthily—whose smile will again bring sunshine to these gloomy walls"—when I tell him this, and more—when I say to him; "Refuse me this, and you lose at once a daughter, *and a son!*"—do you not see that he will not, cannot, *dare* not refuse!

HELENE. I see that he is a rival too dangerous for Helene! And answer me this—Why, do you not warn me with every word, that your plans are desperate—are hopeless! You ask me to believe that he loves you with a love so true, that it will conquer even his jealousy—that he will consent to resign you to another—is not this your plea?—with a love so tender, so devoted, that, for your sake, he will forgive me even my humble birth—is not this your



plea? Well, if I grant all this! And heaven knows—how should I judge of the strength of a father's love! But if this be true—confess—is it not also true, that something remains untold? Is it not true, that hermit though he be, the voice of slander has already found him out?—that in his letters, which you guard from me, he charges me with a crime for which there is *no* forgiveness? You cannot deny it! It is true! And why then do you *mock* me with a promise which can never be fulfilled? Consider well! Do you know to whom you speak? To one whose name is a bubble to be blown about, by every drunken breath! And who will be my surety? Who will go upon my bond?

TRISTAN. I, Mademoiselle—

HELENE. Ah, you, indeed!

TRISTAN. Yes, I will become your surety—I, who know your purity, your innocence—

HELENE. [*Placing her hand upon his mouth.*] I warn you do not tempt me! Here I am secure. At least I feel the earth beneath my feet. But yonder all is shadowy, uncertain. I do not understand the weapons, with which great folks war; and should I listen—should I permit myself to be deceived—I should but involve you in the ruin which must overtake me. You see, I can be just. If half the evil, that they speak of me were true, I might break your heart. But I will not. It is for his sake that I say to you, go—forget me! [*Returning portrait.*]

TRISTAN. Then Mademoiselle, you reject me?

HELENE. Ah, just heaven, hear him!

TRISTAN. Give me my answer! [*HELENE lifts her brows and surveys him with a look half-astonished, half-indignant. TRISTAN resumes moodily.*] I know that I am a savage—that I bring to your grand *salons*, the air, the manners of the woods. I speak of myself and my affairs, and that is not polite. But at least I offer you that which the proudest lady in France, need not disdain to accept; and do not think to keep me, like a puppet, dangling, for the amusement of your fashionable friends. To-night—this very night I will know the best, or worst.

HELENE. Madman! What evil fate provokes you? And you *will not* be refused? You tempt me? You defy me?—If now I were to take you at your word! What will you do for me? Come! You promise me your father's blessing. Well I do not trust you. *Give me leave to win it.*

TRISTAN. You Mademoiselle!

HELENE. And why not, pray? Am I not the one accused? And who shall plead my cause if not myself? Remember it is but a possibility—a chance—but if there could be found a way—

TRISTAN. But I shall know—

HELENE. Silly boy! And you fancy that I will confide our only remaining hope, to your clumsy wits? You shall know nothing! And this shall be the proof of your love—you shall promise to trust me blindly, and without a question—to ask me nothing—to suspect nothing! To the next message which arrives from Gros Caillou, you shall return no answer; no, nor yet to the next. To sum up all, you shall be *silent*, till I give you leave to speak—

TRISTAN. And then?

HELENE. And then, Monsieur, we will speak of what comes after.—But you refuse!

TRISTAN. No—I consent!

Enter BEAUJOLAIS, door "A."

HELENE. Ah, Saints of Grace! But you must swear it!

TRISTAN. Hear me then—

BEAU. Swear not at all!

TRILTAN. Jacques!

BEAU. Faith, you may well cry "Jacques!" But he that arrives in time, is not too late. And see, I have my eye upon you, laggard! The dances are danced; the lights are out; the curtain has fallen; the hurly-burly is over and done. The nymphs are but mortals; the fairest vale of Greece, is a wilderness of painted canvas—and the coachman waits, at forty *sous*, the hour! But, ah, you have an *adiéu* to make! Permit me! [*Saluting HELENE.*] Mademoiselle, I tender my excuses. One month ago this truant knocked at my door.—"Do you not know me? It is I—Tristan—the comrade of your youth! Embrace me for I have come to explore the world. Behold me set forth upon my travels, and I choose you as my guide!"—Ah, luckless choice! [*To TRISTAN, who endeavors to interrupt.*] Have patience!—But how could I decline? For it is true—we have eaten the black bread together—we have called each other "comrade," And, O, it would astonish you to know how learned he is—in the wisdom of *books*! But in the world, Mademoiselle,—in the great world, in which we find ourselves, it is I who am the accomplished scholar; while he, alas, is but a sorry dunce! You observe then—I but repay a debt. As he once solv-

ed my Euclid, and construed my Greek, to-day, I solve for him, the mystery of rosy lips, and translate the language of bright eyes. Come! [*His hand on TRISTAN'S arm.*]

HELENE. [*Aside to TRISTAN.*] Now, if you love me!

TRISTAN. Yes! Hands off! [*Disengaging himself from BEAUJOLAIS' grasp.*]

BEAU. O, idiot!

TRISTAN. Who then are you, that you presume to play the ancient cynic, and dispense the light of reason? And is, to be insolent, a part of the character which you assume? But I release you from a duty which is self-imposed. Salute, Monsieur, the lady whom I choose to make my wife!

BEAU. [*Recoiling, hat in hand.*] Your wife!

HELENE. [*Haughtily, to BEAUJOLAIS, sweeping past him and laying her hand on TRISTAN'S arm.*] Monsieur!

BEAU. [*With low obeisance.*] Your ladyship's most humble servant!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

HELENE.

SCENE.—*A boudoir, sumptuously furnished. Pier-glass, L. F. Glass door R. F., marked "B." in plan. Divans, rugs of tiger skin, etc. A cockatoo, on gilt perch, C. For further details see accompanying drawing.*

Stage discovered waiting, at curtain. Enter HELENE, door "C."

HELENE. [*Pausing on threshold.*] Mercure! Did not some one knock? [*Glances at clock.*] But it is not his hour.—How my heart beats! Yet if he should fail me! [*Hurries to window, up C.*] Fail me! He dare not! No, he dare not! [*Coming down, facing pier-glass.*] Is it not so my sister! Ah, *mon Dieu*, how pale! [*Surveying her reflection in mirror.*] Ho! ho! And yet it must be confessed, you are not ill-looking. No! And how can one mistake the air, the carriage of the "grand world?" Madame, I make



you welcome. So—you have come at last! You have ventured to pay your addresses. You are proud—but your jealousy is stronger than your pride. You have lost, perhaps the heart of a husband—a lover—and you think to find it here. Well! Look about you. Here I am at home. And, after all, you see, my nails are not claws! I am but a woman! And what more are you? Have I not eyes, and ears, and hands—even as you have? Can I not see, and hear, and feel? Has not God made us, of one dust? Why then, when you pass me on the pavement, do you draw your robes aside? Is it that men speak ill of me? But is your name safe from slander? Do they not say that you are cold—that you are cruel!—that you are bought and sold, in the marriage market!—that you give to one, your hand, and to another, your lips! And is it true? But it is not I that accuse you.—Or is it that you are wiser than I? But what do you know? Madame, at night, when the music sobs—when the foot-lights tremble—when you stare from your cushioned box—what is it that you see? What is it that you hear?—The winds that blow? The waters that run—and swirl—and dance—and sparkle? The shouts and cries of the good and evil spirits, that contend together in the air? Bah! You hear but the scraping of the violins, and you say, “How pretty!” [*Imitating the fashionable applause.*] And yet it is for you, that God has made the world so beautiful! For you, the priest prays—for you masses are sung—while I—[*Turns suddenly, and addresses bird,*] See, poor Turloutou, here are two red cherries from the garden! And that will please you—that will make you happy. Tell me then! Will he come? Shall I lose? Shall I win? But what care you? Poor slave! You eat, you drink, you sleep; and you are content. And do you never feel your chains—you that have once been free! Do you never dream of the lakes, the forests, the mountains? But if I were you, I’d gnaw, and gnaw, and gnaw—

Enter MERCURE, door “A.,” with letter on salver.

A letter! Give it me! Who brought it?

MERCURE. A gentleman, who waits.

HELENE. Let him come in. [*Exit MERCURE.*] I scarcely dare to read. [*Opens letter—reads.*] “My only love—” Fie! Why could he not have said; “Madame la Marquise!” But that will come in time. [*Reads.*]

“My only love—

Last night I supped at the “Cordon Bleu”—From



women to wine! Yes that is the way with men—"At the table near, sat one who shall be nameless"—Ah!—"He was not alone, and his tongue was free. Shall I repeat to you his words? I am mad; I am jealous. Tell me when I may come to you.

TRISTAN."

Enter BEAUJOLAIS, door "A.," in full cavalry uniform.

What it is to be loved! But patience! No! Not yet, my friend. [*Kissing letter.*] Patience, a little longer.

BEAU. Well, the answer! [*HELENE starts at the sound of his voice, and facing him, conceals the letter behind her.*] Pardon me! I frighten you. I am very sorry. I should, perhaps, have announced myself, since Mercure forgot that duty. But to Cupid's messengers all doors are open, Mademoiselle. You stare! But I have not come to eat you. It is simply that the author of that perfumed model of epistolary art—which I have had the honor to deliver—and whom I left, just now, in a state of mind more easily imagined than described, requests an immediate reply. [*HELENE regards him fixedly.*—Why this should be more than fright.—But surely you do not fear me!—Yes?—And why?

HELENE. Because, Monsieur—because you are my enemy! And I know that you wish me harm,

BEAU. "Your enemy!" Listen! I love you! Don't be alarmed. I love you—but I am poor. And though in love, I am not yet a candidate for the madhouse. It is not my intention to tempt you, with the salary of a Captain of dragons. But here comes one [*Catching letter from her hands.*] who brings you all that a man can offer—youth, and the purest impulses of youth—a first and a lasting affection—an ample fortune, and a noble name! To him, then, I resign my claim. At least I shall see you honored, and respected. But, beware! Yesterday, I said to you, "Desert him!" To-day, I say to you, "Desert him, or deceive him, at your proper peril!" [*Goes to window, up "C."*] Tell me! Whose equipage is this. [*Points out.*] Come; for I wish to know.

HELENE. Monsieur, I need not see to answer. And you need not ask to know. It is the carriage of the Baron Gerome.

BEAU. At your door!

HELENE. At my door.

BEAU. With your consent?

HELENE. By my appointment!

BEAU. And you do not blush!



HELENE. [*Confronting him.*] What can I say to you that you will believe? You suspect me. It is plain. You have come to play the spy upon me. Will my words convince you?

BEAU. Would that I could be both complimentary, and truthful.

HELENE. See, then! Let me teach you. [*Crosses to glass-door, R. F.*] This window opens on the court. It is but a step. I promise not to betray you, and being a spy, you will know how to use your eyes, and ears.

BEAU. Angel of light—or, spirit of darkness!

HELENE. But you ask yet more?

BEAU. Yes, more! And would you indeed convince me of the innocence of your designs? Will you give me a test that a man of honor dare accept? It shall be proven. Write in answer to this message—"now!"

HELENE. [*Shrinking back.*] Monsieur!

BEAU. Write: "Come to me, *now*,"—Or better—give me that gold band off your finger.

HELENE. You would make me yet more famous,—as the heroine of a duel—or a murder!

BEAU. God forbid! But I do not love this fighting in the dark. And better an honest bout at arms, must it come to that, than a stab in the back. Come! It is but four little words. Shall I speak them for you? And the ring shall be my voucher.

HELENE. You compel me?

BEAU. No—since you dare not.

HELENE. [*After pause, regarding him with a savage frown, clutches off her ring, and extends it toward him.*] Now, do you believe?

BEAU. [*Seizing, and kissing her hand.*] Angel, or devil, what does it matter? Are you not Helene? And who can resist you? You have conquered. Take back your pledge. But expect him, none the less. For even did I wish it, I can not restrain him. And see that you use him well. You play with fire. *Be*, in truth, but the angel that you *seem*, and you shall yet have cause to be grateful, believe me, for the counsel and assistance of your "enemy." But be prepared. [*Pointing to clock.*] Perhaps before the clock strikes—yes, at any moment! [*Exit, door "A."*]

HELENE. "Before the clock strikes!" But before the clock strikes, I shall know.

Enter, the BARON GEROME, door "A."

GEROME. Is it my cue? May I come in? Mordieu, Mademoiselle, I trust you have not been reading history. A certain personage, more noted than myself, once called upon a lady, by request, and was met at the door, by a cut-throat, in cavalry boots. And the lady is supposed to have been privy to the deed. You will pardon the allusion, but upon my life—Faugh! What an odor of the barracks! Well, well, well,—you have been pleased to desire my attendance, and—behold! I need not remind you, that there might have been excuses for my absence. But what would you have? To-day, you dismiss your servants, and they go; to-morrow you beckon, and they come. And is not that as it should be? You see, you have not misjudged your powers. You summon me. Perhaps to pronounce the decree of banishment. So be it! I attend. Happen what may, I shall bask again, if but for one brief moment, in the sunshine of your presence.

HELENE. [*Slowly approaching him.*] Yes; I have wished to see you. [*Casts down her eyes. Her clasped hands writhe together, in slow contortions.*]

GEROME. [*With gesture of waiting.*] Thanks, for the honor!

HELENE. You have lived many years, Monsieur.

GEROME. [*With shrug.*] But, yes—

HELENE. Your life has been a long and cloudless holiday. Have you known the meaning of trouble? Disgrace or shame you cannot have known—for you are the Baron Gerome. Your will is your only law; your wishes are commands; and even your faults will be ascribed to you as virtues, when you rest, at last—where you are sure of rest—under the escutcheon of your house. But *I* am *Helene*! To-day, you are pleased with me. You toss me a flower, a jewel. But to-morrow there comes another—her step is lighter; her face is fairer; her eyes are brighter. “*Helene, adieu!*”—Sometimes I dream; I am old; I am like the withered leaf, that spins, with the wind, through the dust of the street. Men pity me! They despise me! They forget me! Fathers of mercies! I feel the earth already on my breast. To die? Yes, that is terrible. But to live, and pray for death—to starve where one has feasted—to serve, where one has reigned—and *die* at last, and be as though one had not been—Monsieur, will you save me from this fate? [*Kneeling—attempts to grasp his hand.*]

GEROME. I!

HELENE. You! For listen—an honest man has offered me his

hand in marriage.

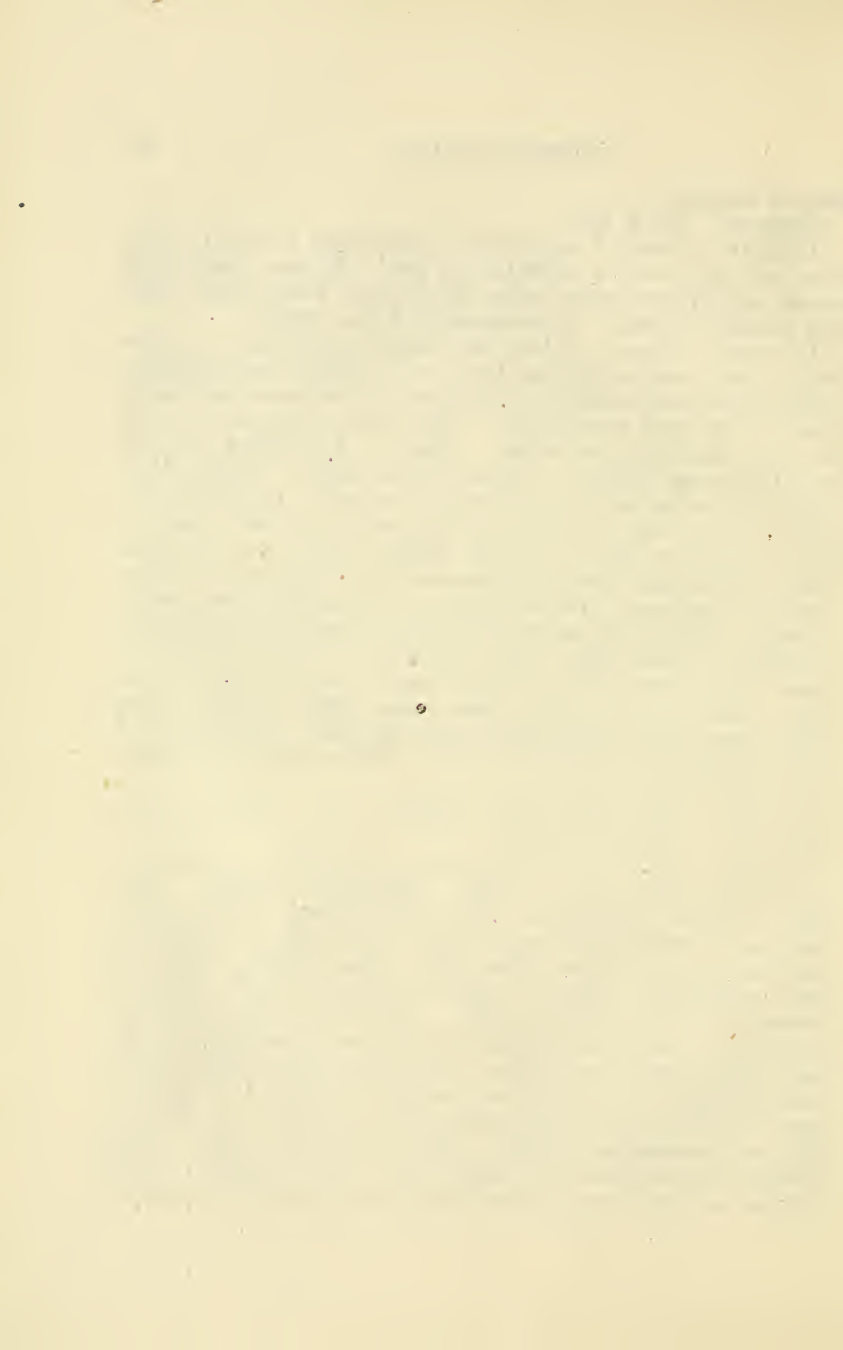
GEROME. Ah, at last!

HELENE. Do not, I implore you, *do not* refuse me this, the only cup that may ever be offered to my lips! By your rank, which should impel you to noble deeds—by your age, which should make you merciful to youth—by the memory of your mother—

GEROME. Silence! I deny your right to conjure me by such a name. And what would you have me do? Eh? Yes—Mordieu! What is this boon, which you ask of me? “An honest man has offered you his hand in marriage!” Ha! Well, very good! Accept it then. Yes, that is my advice. Accept! For honest men are rare, that let me tell you. But am I your keeper? Surely, Mademoiselle, the law does not require *my* consent. Wed whom you will—or can. But what do you ask of me? And have you sent for me, to tell me this? You are dumb! Have you lost your voice? [*During the speech, HELENE has risen, and stands regarding him with a fixed stare. He grasps her arms. She shrinks back with a shudder.*] Well, well, but upon my life, to dare so much, and then—Come, you have made a good beginning. You fall upon your knees; you reproach me with my rank; you remind me of my age. Doubtless, you wish to prefer some claim; to make some great demand upon my justice—or my generosity. But how can I be just or generous—till I have heard. Tell me how I may serve you. What is your request?

HELENE. [*After short pause—coldly.*] Go. I have nothing more to say. [*Goes up stage.*]

GEROME. Mordieu! Well, that is wonderful. A woman—and with nothing more to say! And such a woman! But, upon my life, though you may have finished, *I* have something more to say, Oh, yes, indeed! And what is still more wonderful, my narrative begins, where yours left off. Now is not that surprising? Come! [*Points to tabouret beside which he stands.*] For I wish to amuse you. Yes, to astonish you—if that be possible. And since it is I, who am best acquainted with the facts—Let me ask it, as a favor. In return, Mademoiselle, for the little confidence with which you have been pleased to favor me, I agree to relate to you, the most astounding experience of my life. But you are otherwise engaged. Oh, very good! Then I must imagine you a listener. To begin, then. This morning, I received a visit. A visit extraordinary—from the last survivor of a depart-



ed age. Would that I could depict to you, his air, his gait, his manners, as he confronted me, across my toilet table. [HELENE approaches him with a slow hesitating motion.] Figure to yourself, a veritable relic of the night of St. Bartholomew—a Huguenot, of the Huguenots—with his grizzled beard, his gloomy stare, his dress, two centuries old. “Monsieur,” he began, in a voice like the final trumpet, “I am called Huguet, de Gros Caillou”—Aha! you listen! [Turns suddenly upon HELENE, who listens breathless, at his elbow. She crouches upon the tabouret, and hides her face.] Yes, “I am called Huguet de Gros Caillou, and I have come to place my honor in your hands.”—A pretty beginning, truly! And then he was pleased to continue: “My son, the last of his name, and race, whom, perhaps in a moment of madness, I have permitted to visit this accursed Paris, demands my consent to a contract of marriage.” I signify my interest. He resumes. “That the person upon whom he has fixed his affections is beneath him, in rank and fortune is an objection, Monsieur, which the world need not consider—should I see fit to pass it by. And youth, youth, who can war against it? But there is an objection, which cannot be thus dismissed. Scandal, Monsieur, has coupled, her name, with yours.” Yes, those were his words. “Scandal has coupled her name with yours. And finally”—yes—“finally, through me, her spokesman, she calls upon you, Monsieur—upon you—Gerome—[Pointing to himself.] to establish these reports, if they be true; and if false, to refute them, by that word which you alone can speak.”

HELENE. [Standing before him, defiant.] Well?

GEROME. Shade of the patron saint of impudence—whoever he may be! Could assurance further go!

HELENE. Ah, Saints of Grace! [Sinks again on tabouret.]

GEROME. Could the great strategist, himself, have conceived a scheme, so hopelessly audacious, so brilliantly impossible. But you wait for my reply. Yes, yes. And you shall hear it. You shall judge Mademoiselle, how well I have justified your confidence. I glanced at the missive which he placed before me. It was rose-tinted. The signature was not to be mistaken. It was sealed with a well-known seal. I said to him: “Monsieur, that I am honored with the acquaintance of this lady is most true. What then? You speak to me of scandal? You come to retail the petty gossip of the cabarets! Monsieur, it is an insult! To myself? Oh, no! But to virtue, to genius, to renown, which find in Mademoiselle their fit-



ting representative! And you ask me to guarantee her worthiness to wear your name? Mordieu, I will do more. I promise, as her friend, and counsellor, to advise her to decline the honor which you proffer." [HELENE slowly draws herself erect, fixing upon him a stare of horror.] Yes, yes, yes. Was it not a happy thought! But you should have seen old Huguet gnaw his gray mns-tache.

HELENE. And you, Monsieur—and you—

GEROME. And I, Mademoiselle, have come to announce to you, that though your scheme has failed—as perforce, it must have failed—you secret is yet safe; and that you may now add this to your list of triumphs—that you have positively rejected a coat of arms.

HELENE. It is a jest! Tell me that it is a jest.

GEROME. "A jest!" Why so it is, upon my soul; yes, and a clever one! And now that it is ended—

HELENE. Do not touch me! Is there no God in Heaven? [Sinks helplessly upon tabouret.]

GEROME. Mordieu, what a question! But let us not speak of Heaven; that is so far away, Ah, glorious Helene! How basely have I undervalued you—yes even despite my knowledge and appreciation of your merits! I am like a connoisseur who discovers amid the rubbish of some old bazar, a canvas encrusted with mould. It seems to contain a certain promise of beauty, and half in admiration, half in curiosity, he sets himself to remove the stains. He labors, but in doubt. Little by little the figure emerges from obscurity, till at the final touch, behold, the priceless work of some great master—the incarnation of an artist's last, most perfect dream! And you ask me now, in the very flush of my discovery—

Enter MERCURE, door "A"

Curse the imp! [To MERCURE.] What next?

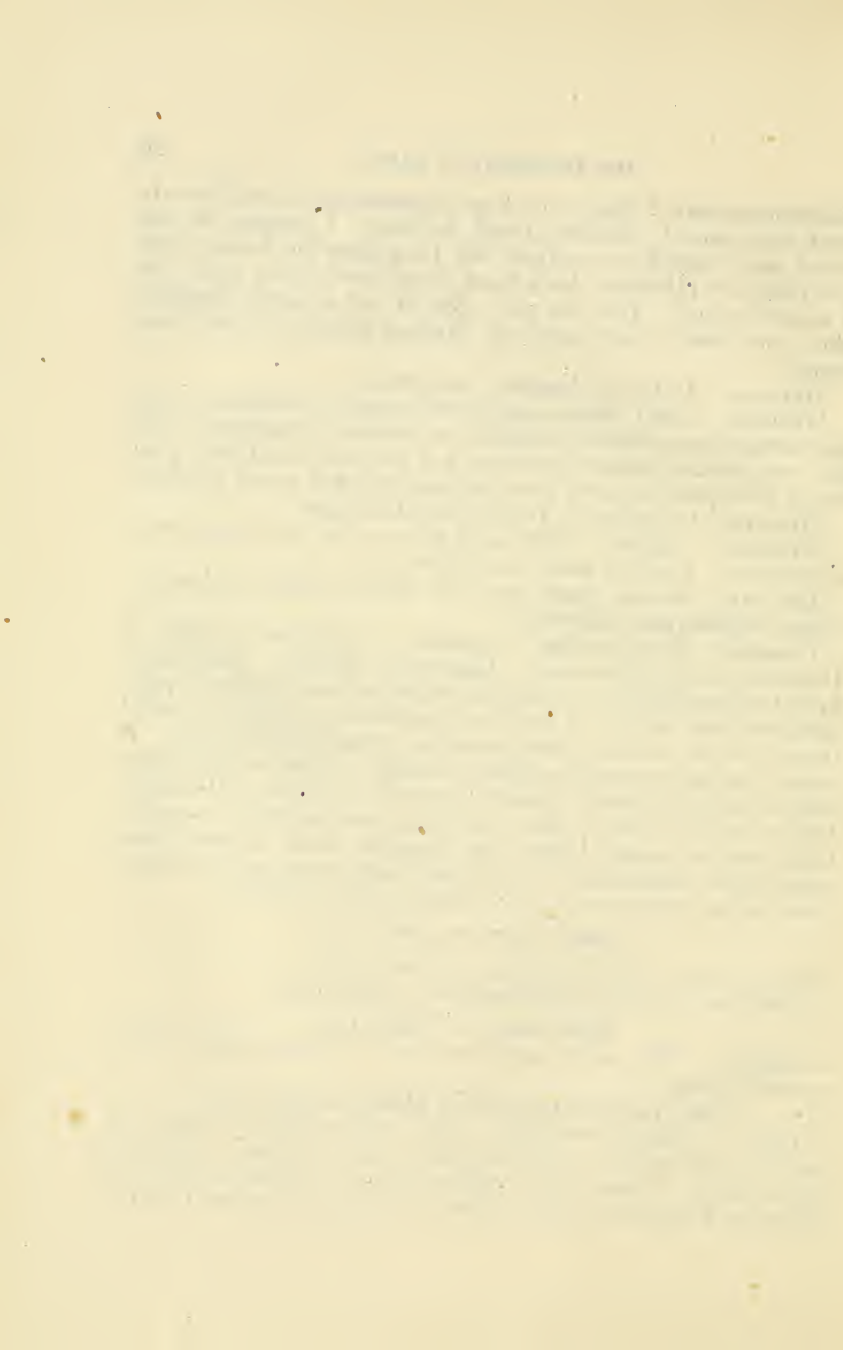
MERCURE. Pardon, Mademoiselle, a gentleman—

Enter, door "A," TRISTAN.

TRISTAN. Who needs no introduction. [To MERCURE.] Take yourself away.

Enter, BEAUJOLAIS, and exit MERCURE, door "A."

BEAU. "And the wolf also, shall dwell with the lamb—the leopard with the kid—and a little child shall lead them." Or words to that effect. Baron, this is without excuse. We bade each other adieu but a short ten minutes since, in the ante-room, and one of



us should not be here. But we poor moths that circle about the candle are forever bumping heads.

GEROME. [*Aside to HELENE.*] Well, are we friends, or—

BEAU. [*Aside to TRISTAN.*] Remember!

HELENE. [*To TRISTAN, with effort.*] Monsieur—an old—acquaintance. [*TRISTAN and GEROME exchange bows.*]

GEROME. Sir, we have met before.

TRISTAN. It is true. And once too often.

BEAU. [*Aside.*] Oh!

GEROME. Since that is your opinion; well, exactly so.

BEAU. [*Aside.*] There is mischief in his eye. I must create a diversion. [*Crossing and addressing GEROME.*] Ha! by-the-by, speaking of wolves and lambs—Have you seen the “*Moniteur*?”

TRISTAN. [*Endeavoring to interpose*] Jacques!

BEAU. Stirring news, Monsieur! Latest edition! Official! The eagles again fly northward. The challenge is given, and received. The Czar will play a bout, with the Little Corporal. I give you my word of honor, the drums are beating from Strasbourg to Bordeaux. The diplomats have had their say, and now the cannon will speak. At last we shall try the hug of the Russian bear.

TRISTAN. [*Interrupting.*] Is this a time for *badinage*?

BEAU. “For *badinage*!” And thus he speaks—

TRISTAN, Be silent, then. Am I a child that you should place a curb upon my tongue? But it is insufferable.

BEAU. Ha! That reminds me of a story—

TRISTAN. Pardon me! But it is my story, that Monsieur desires to hear. And would you have him think that I am not yet competent to hold a conversation—to express myself in the elegant phrases of the town? I forbid you again to interrupt. [*Crosses to GEROME.*]

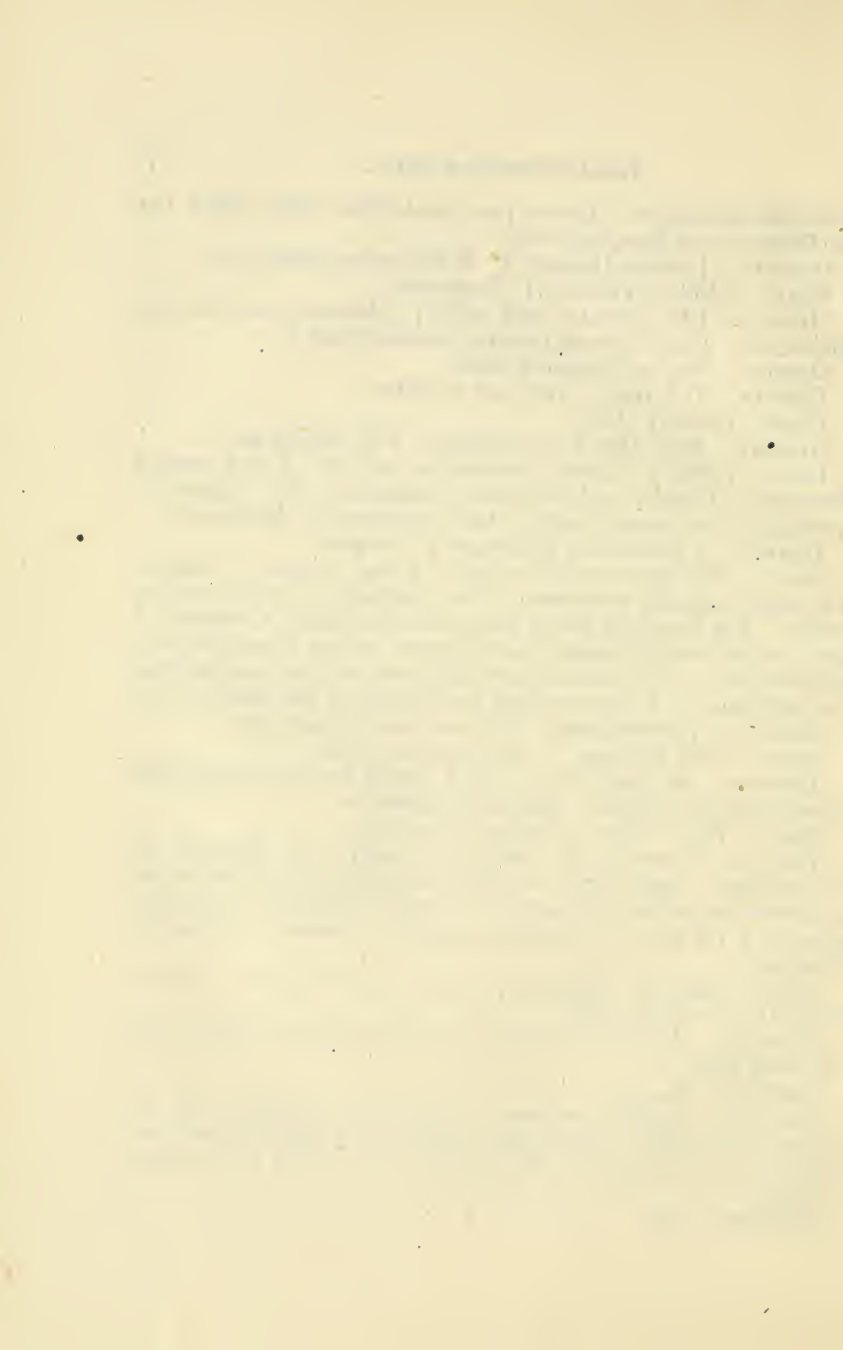
BEAU. [*Aside.*] The devil curb him now, if he can! He has taken the bits in his teeth.

TRISTAN. Monsieur, you were a merry party last night at the “Cordon Bleu.”

GEROME. So, so.

TRISTAN. A merry company! And when your echo, with his pretty lisp enquired, “Who, then, is this latest popinjay, who dances attendance, in the train of Mademoiselle?” you were kind enough to reply—

GEROME. Sir!



TRISTAN. You forget. Permit me to refresh your memory. You were kind enough to reply: "It is the personage who in this little comedy of life, rehearses the role of the Prodigal Son."

BEAU. But of course you will understand—

TRISTAN. [*Repressing BEAU., with gesture.*] Now I would not have you think Monsieur, that were my name alone concerned I should trouble myself to remember or repeat your witticism. But there is another—another, whose helplessness, and constant exposure to impertinence, call for my protection; and on her behalf, I announce through you, to all whom the information may concern, that the Prodigal will return to his father's house. But not alone! Do not misunderstand me. I have other duties to perform, as sacred as those of a son—duties which neither the sneers of envy, nor the detractions of malice shall compel me to forget. At last—do you comprehend?

GEROME. I think I do. You wish to quarrel with me. [TRISTAN bows.]

BEAU. [*Coming down betwixt them.*] Not at all!

TRISTAN. Jacques!

BEAU. I say NO! For herein lies the misconception—that the concentrated effulgence of the Milky Way, condensed and focalized by a double convex lens, can penetrate the Cimmerian darkness, in the brain of a man, who is determined upon *felo de se*, in spite of common sense, and hocus-pocus. And if that is not enough, I appeal to the gentleman who presides at all affairs of honor,

Enter CHERON, door "A."

I invoke his sooty Majesty, hoof, horn, and tail—

CHERON. [*Bowing.*] Will not I do as well? [*All turn. HELENE glides to door "C." and stands listening.*]

BEAU. Faith! "Speak of the—

TRISTAN. Monsieur!

BEAU. Have I raised him?

CHERON. Your pardon, gentlemen. And yours Ma'mselle, for presuming to relieve your servant of the duty of announcing me. I beg that you will be at ease. [*Advances to TRISTAN.*] Monsieur, you are called Tristan de Gros Caillou, of the Marquisate of Gros Caillou, in Normandy—a stranger, and a visitor in Paris. You arrived by *diligence*, from Rouen, on the morning of the first of May—and you share the apartments of a friend, in the Rue St. Honore.



TRISTAN. It is true, Monsieur. And then?

CHERON. That information being correct, I am Cheron, secret agent, and I beg your attention to the following order of arrest.

TRISTAN. [*Recoiling.*] Arrest!

GEROME. Mordieu! Monsieur has found a friend.

BEAU. Come, Baron, I propose a tour in the garden. [*Takes GEROME'S arm.*]

TRISTAN. Not a step! Let no one quit the room. In the name of Justice! What do you suspect? [*To* CHERON.] "Arrest?" But speak, Monsieur!—Of what am I accused?

CHERON. Permit me—

TRISTAN. Yes, I demand to know my crime. And is it thus—But no concealment! Show me your warrant. Let the whole world know! What law have I transgressed?

CHERON. If Monsieur will give me leave. [*Reads from paper in his hands.*] "Tristan, surnamed de Gros Caillou, of Gros Caillou, in Normandy, at the request of his legal guardian, and in accordance with the provisions of article 377, of the Civil Code, is hereby placed under the surveillance of the Police; and is enjoined to report, without delay, to the Prefect of his native department [*TRISTAN catches the paper from his hand.*—under penalty—"

TRISTAN. Great God! my father's hand! [*Crushes the writ in his hand, and stands glaring at GEROME.* HELENE shrinks backward and disappears through door "C."]

BEAU. [*To* CHERON.] You have discharged your duty. Go!—But first will you do me a service?

CHERON. That depends, Monsieur.

BEAU. Then call this gentleman's carriage

GEROME. [*Rising.*] On my life—

BEAU [*Restraining TRISTAN, who takes one step forward, then remains motionless watching GEROME'S every movement.*] Good morning, Baron. [*BEAUJOLAIS bows impressively.*]

GEROME. Oh, if you insist—But since you are master of ceremonies here, pray make my adieux to Mademoiselle. Yes, yes, yes. A pleasant morning for a journey. Lead the way my friend. [*To* CHERON, who bows but remains. *Exit GEROME, door "A."*]

TRISTAN, [*As GEROME disappears.*] He goes—[*Starts forward, BEAUJOLAIS detains him.*] Jacques—

CHERON. [*Covering GEROME'S retreat, bows profoundly.*] Apropos! The diligence, in which Monsieur will find his seat engaged,

will leave the barrier, at twelve, precisely.

TRISTAN. Oh! Let me not go mad! [*Throws BEAUJOLAIS off and falls into chair, his arms across table. BEAUJOLAIS points toward door. Exit, CHERON, door "A."*]

BEAU. A serious case! A very serious case! Progressing rapidly, by the customary stages, to the usual termination. I foresaw it! But while there is life there is hope—though it be a forlorn one. And since there remains *one* remedy, yet untried—It is now or never. [*Sings; putting on his gauntlets.*]

“Since all’s well, that ends well”—

The time has evidently arrived to test the virtues of heroic treatment. [*Taps lightly on TRISTAN’S shoulder.*]

TRISTAN. [*Without looking up.*] Leave me!

BEAU. [*Sings.*] “Ah, well, let us be gay!”

TRISTAN. [*Springing to his feet.*] Your sight is hateful to me! Leave me! Have you no mercy? What can you find in my misery to amuse you? You have heard—Oh, could he devise no other method of humiliation? Here! And before his very eyes, too! Did you see—his sneer—his mocking—Yet he lives! he lives!—because you wish it! Well then, all is over. Leave me!

BEAU. My very dear friend I only wait to say adieu.

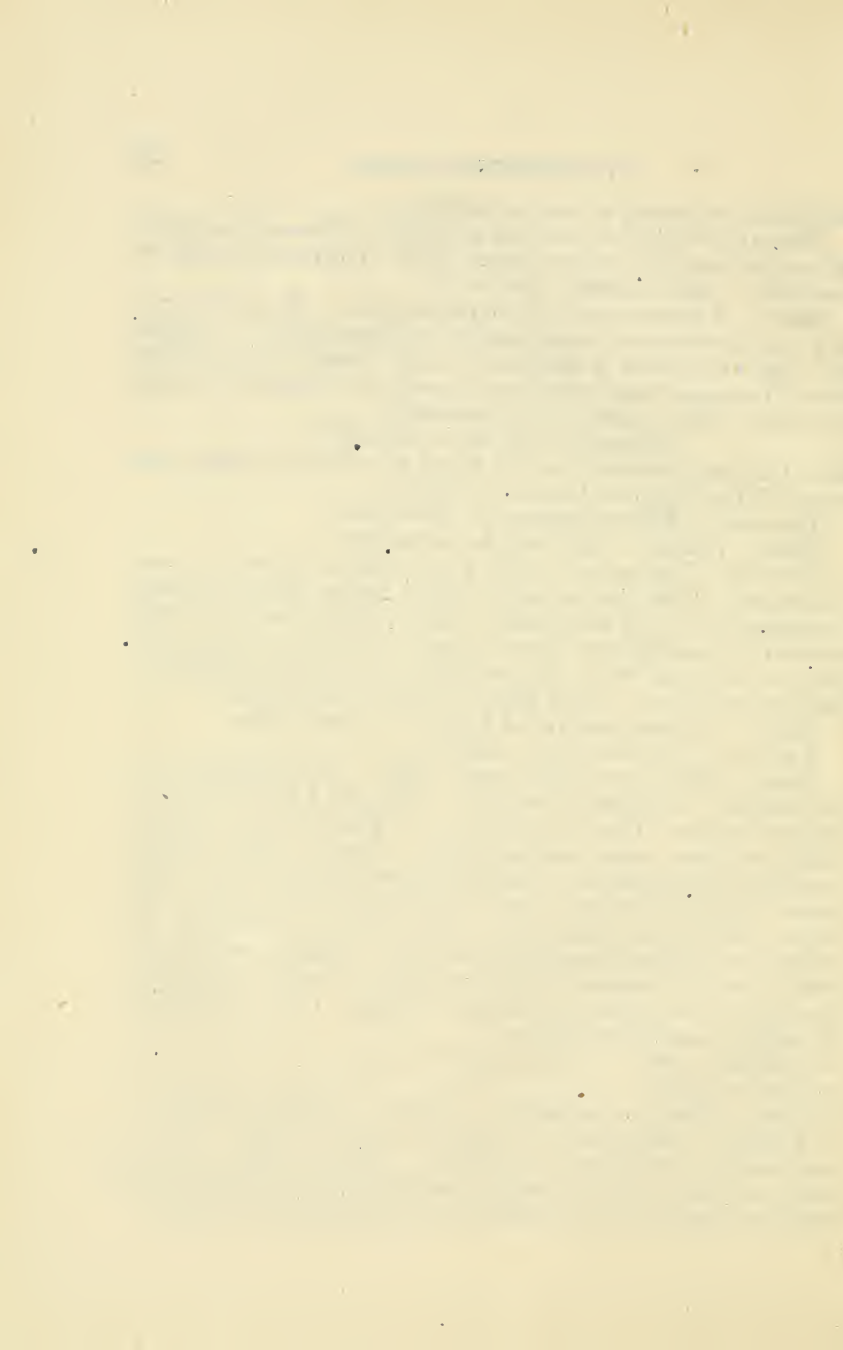
TRISTAN. [*Wonderingly.*] Adieu!

BEAU. Why it is a proper word I think. You will find it in the lexicon. It is spoken every day. But, ah, I had forgotten—you are in love. True, you are in love. That is to say—you have chills and fevers, transports and furies. In your *sanest* moments you cherish this delusion—that the universe contains but two inhabitants; yourself, and one other. When your mistress frowns—that is war. When she smiles again—that is peace. Meanwhile, this stony-hearted planet continues to revolve. Armies march; drums beat to battle; emperors, and kings divide betwixt themselves, the maps of continents! You hear nothing, Your ears are dull. It thrills no answering chord—

TRISTAN. Stop! You are ordered abroad? Is it so? You will leave Paris?

BEAU. [*Sings, in attitude.*] “To arms! To arms, ye brave!”

TRISTAN. Happy man! You are a soldier, Jacques. You are not dependent on the will of another. You have before you a future—a career. But that is not all—my friendship wearies you; it has become a burden, and you bless the fate which gives you release



BEAU. Well, since my sight is hateful to you.

TRISTAN. [*Recoils—then extends his hands.*] Yes. Adieu.

[*BEAUJOLAIS smiles and folds his arms.*] Or whether you go, or stay, for Heaven's sake don't pity me! Anything but that.

BEAU. Don't flatter yourself. My friend, my friend, my dear *unreasonable* friend! You wish to be rid of me. And in truth, the physician who perceives his remedies rejected, and even his advice pooh-poohed, might well desert his patient to his inevitable fate, and wash his hands of the result. In this case, I am the physician—much against my will. You are the patient. You have seen fit to employ me. So far the responsibility is yours. But having once assumed your treatment, pay or no pay, I am pledged to my own good conscience, to kill, or cure.

TRISTAN. Is this a riddle, Jacques? [*Crosses R.*]

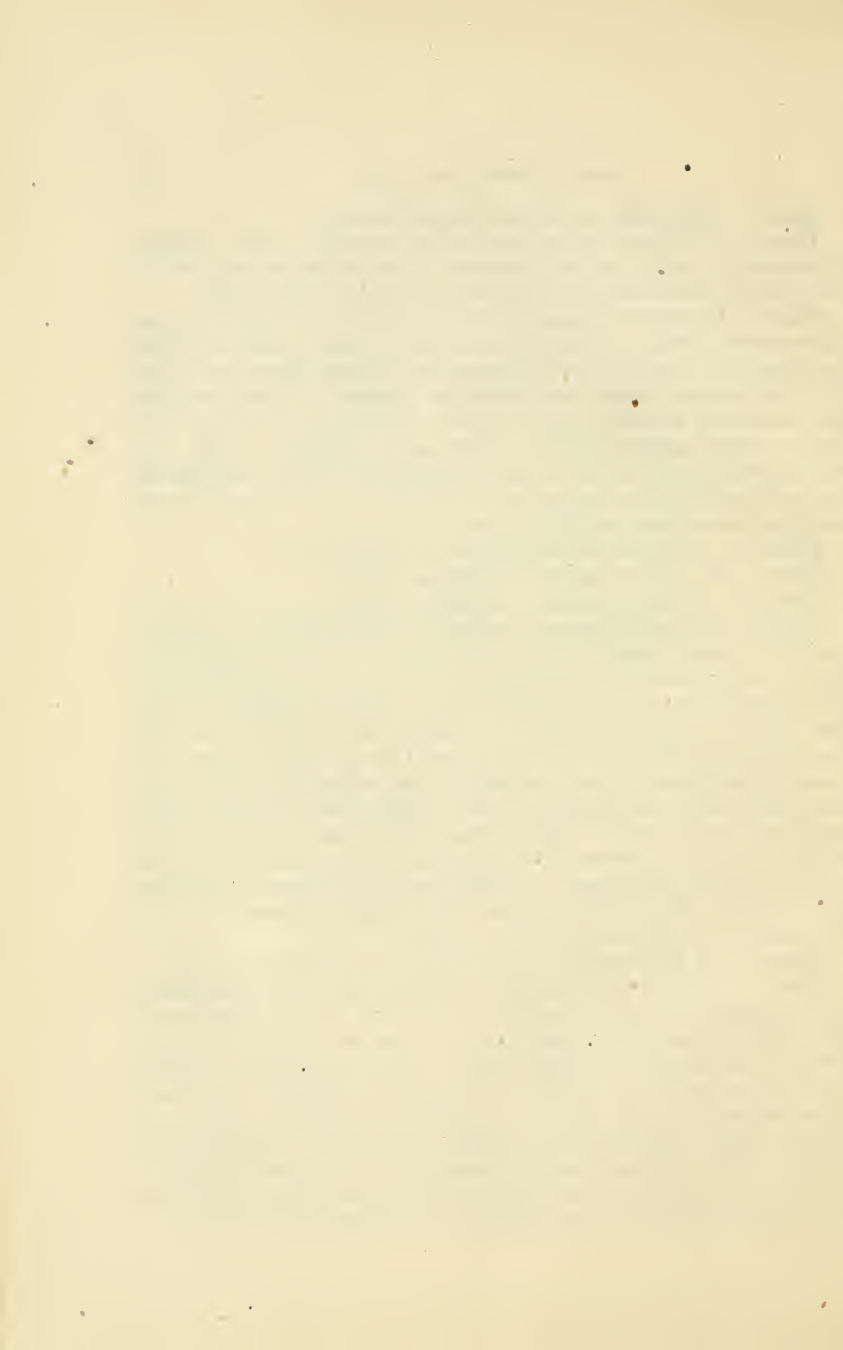
BEAU. We shall come to the solution soon.

TRISTAN. I never guessed a riddle in my life.

BEAU. And yet the most of us find life itself a riddle. And now you will be good enough to pay strict regard to what I am about to say; and above all do not answer, till you have heard me to the end. First then—I do not advise you to return to Gros Caillou, No, and for the best of reasons. I know that you will not go. And even were you so inclined, perhaps I do not think it best. It is not in the gloom of the monastery, in the solitude of forests, that you will recover that health of mind, which alone can fit you for usefulness in the world. What you need is action—strife—the free wind of Heaven to sweep these vapors from your brain, these cobwebs from about your heart. What then is to be done? Momentous question! But it is Providence that supplies the answer. You, too, have received the training of a soldier—

TRISTAN. [*With gesture of comprehension, and derision*] Ah!—

BEAU. But hear me through. That you do not wear the epaulets, is because you have preferred the milder victories of peace. But to-day, France calls upon her sons. On every hand her perils thicken. It is the hour of her need. Will you deny the voice of our common mother? *Voilà!* You speak of a future,—a career! It lies before you. Have you the courage to accept? Why even while we dally, brave men are dying; honors are going begging. Your rank—your very name insures you a favorable hearing. I am known, by sight, to the Minister of War, too, would you believe it? And I promise you my influence if accepted on the spot—



TRISTAN. [*Interrupting.*] In a word—

BEAU. In a word—in memory of the dreams, which we dreamed together, in the dormitories of St. Cyr—of the plans which we planned—of the future, which we painted—I impress you into the service of Glory, [*Striking him on the shoulder.*—and I say to you : *To the right, about ! Forward !*

TRISTAN. Truly ! And it is you who have devised all this ?

BEAU. Well—yes—I claim that credit.

TRISTAN. What an admirable plot—O, admirable—for a romance in real life ! And when do we set off ?

BEAU. Come, the matter is too serious—

TRISTAN. “Serious” indeed ! since you expect me—Jacques, have I gone stark, staring mad—or is it you—that you make me such a proposition, with a sober face ! And you hope to persuade me that we live in the days of Bayard ! You ask me to become another Don Quixote ! O, this is worse than pity ! Yet you do not smile ! You are “serious.” Merciful Heaven, is it possible—then I do you wrong. It is *not* a project of romance. No, it is a *stratagem* ! Ha, must I believe it ?

BEAU. Good ! Go on !

TRISTAN. Have I deserved this, Jacques ? But thank you for this, at least, that you have removed the mask. Yes, I can doubt no longer, monstrous though it seems. There can be but a single explanation of your motives. I hoped that I had one friend left, in whom I might confide. But he, too, joins the league. It is decided that my affection is the idle whim of a boy, which may be cured by absence ; and to you falls the honorable office of decoy. [BEAUJOLAIS *shrugs his shoulders, with despairing gesture.*] A service of love, no doubt. Or, perhaps you expect a more tangible reward—

BEAU. Don’t spare me.

TRISTAN. But you lose your labor ; for do not think that what I refuse to a father’s prayers, can be won from me by such a shallow subterfuge. Yet, in one thing you are right. I shall not return to Gros Caillou.

BEAU. Good ! You will not return to Gros Caillou. That much is decided. For you are a practical man. Oh, yes ! there is no silly romance in your constitution. You will not return to Gros Caillou. And of course you have arranged with the banker for your next allowance. Or perhaps you are above such trifles. Likely enough. And who can better afford it ! Since to-morrow,

about this time, as the almanacs say, expect Monsieur the Gendarme. Then there remains one last expedient; yea, two; or haply, three. With your few remaining *sous*, you will purchase a brazier of charcoal; or a bowl of cold poison; or, cheaper yet, you will take a header from the nearest quay. Next day, when they drag the Seine, you shall be fished up, limp, and limber; you shall be laid upon a slab of the Morgue, and the people flattening their noses against the bars shall say: "Behold! Another of the victims of Mademoiselle!"

TRISTAN. Do you wish me to strangle you.

BEAU. Observe, ye gods, the reward of the misguided mortal, who thinks to assist a lover, in his difficulties! I forswear it. From this time forth, till the end of my days, if I am ever again found guilty of such lunacy, take my measure for a straight-jacket. Come, old friend, we'll say no more about it. Arrange your own affairs to suit yourself. And so—[*Going up stage, strikes his hand into TRISTAN'S.*]

TRISTAN. [*Retaining his hand.*] Jacques—do not leave me,

BEAU. [*Aside.*] Ah, it begins to take effect.

TRISTAN. My God, what a wretch I have become. And has it come to this? Is there, indeed, no other way? Only to think—
 NO, it is past all belief! Why the veriest peasant who tills his plot of ground—the slave in the galleys, is not such an abject—
 But no more of that!

BEAU. [*Aside.*] I guarantee a cure.

TRISTAN. Jacques, is it not incredible!

BEAU. It is—but, true.

TRISTAN. That he, too, of all men—he whom I have almost worshipped, whose image I have worn next my heart—who has professed such tenderness, such constant, never-dying—that but to spare me for a single hour from his sight—Well, it is terrible! Yes, terrible—but, true. And see, I am calm, now. Yes, and I know the value of your friendship. You will not bear malice. For the shock, at first, you will understand—But now I can comprehend. Surely there is yet some door, some route, by which I may escape the dungeon. Come, let us speak as reasonable men. I promise to be guided by your judgment. What do you advise?

BEAU. I? I advise? I'll see you hanged first. But bear in mind, the question is simply this: Do you prefer my company—to that of the gendarme?

TRISTAN. Cruel!

BEAU. If "yes"—discussion is thirsty work—we will drive to the "Cordon Bleu." We will order another bottle. We will break its neck. Cric-crac! Farewell to the delights of Capua! If "no"—

TRISTAN. [*Crossing wildly.*] But to leave her Jacques! To leave her!

BEAU. Ah, to leave her!

TRISTAN. A prey to every idle fool, who chooses to insult her, with his compliments! And to leave her *thus*! To hope to win her by deserting her! The past all darkness, and the future utter blackness! It is madness, I tell you; it is madness!

BEAU. I should not go.

TRISTAN. And yet—to be dragged—like a common felon—perhaps from her very presence—

BEAU. I should go.

TRISTAN. [*Turning on him, with sudden calmness.*] Should you? I will!

BEAU. Huzza!

TRISTAN. But moderate your transports, I *will*. And shall I tell you why? It is because I know, that at the barrack doors, the authority of a father ceases; and I choose this method of escape, from a tyranny which oppresses me. Ah, that reason does not please you! But who shall presume to command my loves—my hates? Shall he, because I am his debtor for this miserable breath of life? But if he attaches such conditions to his gift, let him take it again! Yes, my heart is hardened. Jacques, I have sworn, by my hopes of Heaven, to possess her. No other bribe can lure me—no other loss can make me feel regret. Without her there can be no Heaven! And though at the cost of my soul's salvation—

BEAU. [*Seizing his uplifted hand.*] No!

TRISTAN. Ah—take me then! Forward!—by any route, but that to Gros Caillou! [*Falls upon BEAUJOLAIS' shoulder.*]

BEAU. Courage! courage! You rave—but it is a hopeful symptom. All will be well; yes, all will be well. Yet one more sacrifice—a great one! Courage. I know the danger of these leave-takings. Even that luxury must be denied. This is imperative. From the first post you shall write to her, explaining all, and enclosing a thousand reminders of your love, each dearer than the last. But for the present—Caution! She is here.

Enter HELENE, door "C." She pauses on the threshold, with eyes cast down.

Some pretty excuse—Remember! Nothing more. And let it be brief. I wait for you. [*Sings, in suppressed voice, to TRISTAN.*]

"Since all's well, that ends well—"

[*Goes up, opposite HELENE.*] Mademoiselle—once more, adieu!

[*Exit, door "A."*]

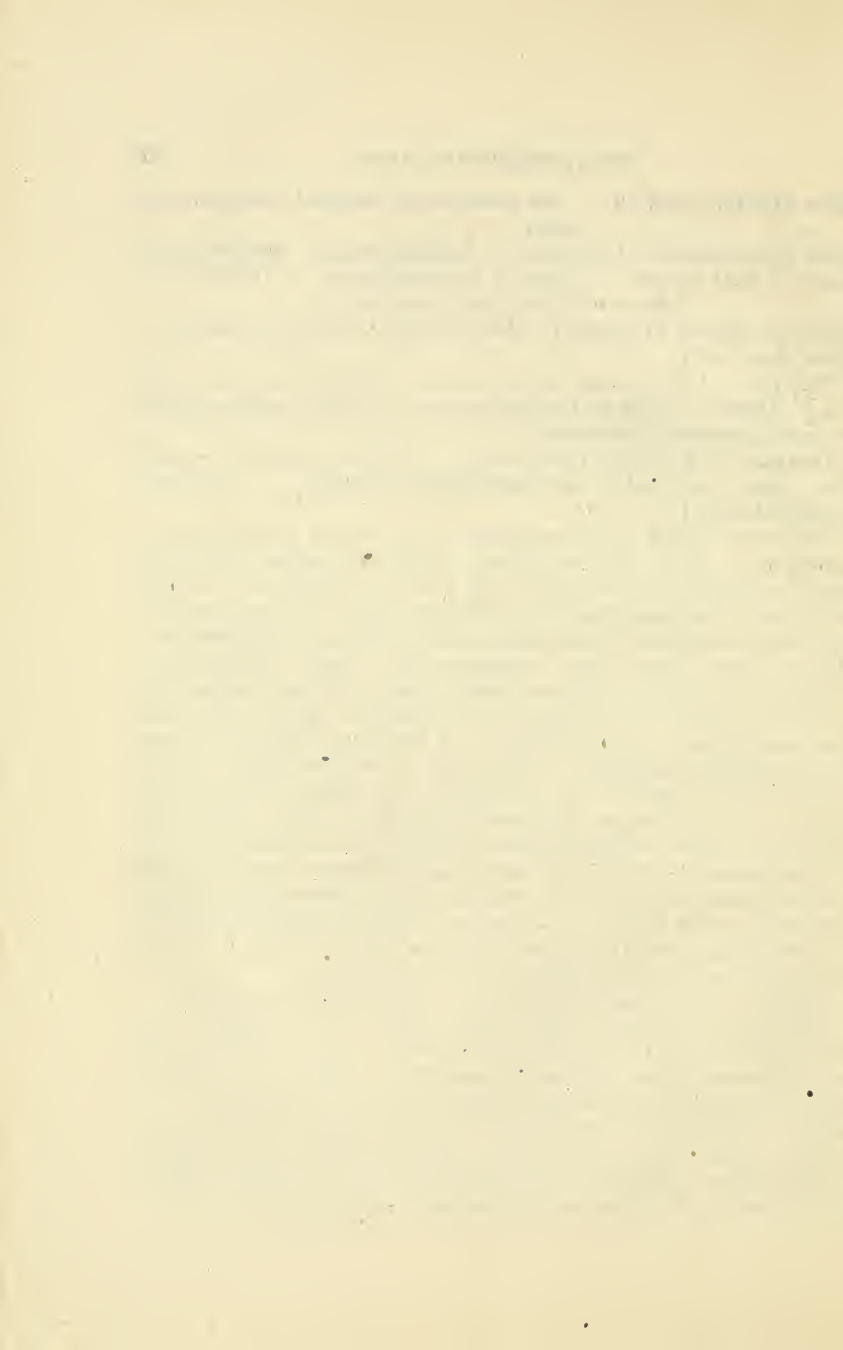
TRISTAN. [*After pause, in the position in which BEAUJOLAIS left him.*] Helene!—You do not speak to me! [*Turns and confronts her, with a gesture of impatience,*]

HELENE. [*Lifting her eyes—coldly.*] Of what should I speak? [*She passes him slowly, and seats herself on divan, L. F., her eyes again cast down.*]

TRISTAN. [*Aside.*] How changed!—And you do not even reproach me!—Well—we have failed. Even your appeal could not touch his heart. Do not think that I ask to know your secret, I will believe that your plans were wise and good. But we have failed.—And now, it is I who must make good my obligations.—Helene!—that night—you remember—that happy night in the Foyer of the Dance! [*Throws himself down beside her; endeavors to look into her eyes.*] You chose me out of all the world—you laid your hand in mine—you said to me: "I love you." Tell me—it was not for the poor trappings of my rank—it was not—but I insult you with the thought. Love does not stop to reckon titles and possessions. Love does not stop to count the gain or loss. Through honor and shame—through sorrow, and trial, and doubt, and waiting, and absence—it changes not, because it cannot change. And it is thus that you love me—do you not? Yes—answer me! [*Seizes her hand.*] And though our happiness should be delayed for weeks—for months—even years, you would not forget! Would you forget? [*Rising,*] But you *shall* not!—Answer me!

HELENE. Ah, gracious Heaven! You will leave me then?

TRISTAN. Yes—yes—for a little while. It is Jacques who waits—[*Aside.*] If I dared let her know! If I might give her but a hint—a promise—Give me your hand. There is a hope—a hope!—You must not ask me what—not even with your eyes. A hope! But you will not despair. And that is all. Yes, yes,—and I am waited for, And so till I return—[*With fervor, pressing his lips to hers. Recoils, and rising slowly, releases her hand. She covers her face.*] Why you are ill, indeed. Your lips are marble!—



So, till I return—since Heaven wills that—this—must be our parting, and--But do not doubt but that I shall return! [*He catches away her hands with a sudden impulse, and searches her face, with a steady gaze.*]

HELENE. Tristan---

TRISTAN. [*After pause.*] Heaven's will be done! [*Retreating slowly.*] Till we meet---till we meet---again! [*Exit, rapidly, door "A."*]

HELENE. [*As TRISTAN disappears, springing to her feet, and facing door---her arms lifted as though addressing Heaven.*] Till we meet---again!

Enter GEROME, glass-door, "B."

GEROME. [*Triumphantly, extending his arms,*] Helene!

[HELENE cowers on divan L. F., with gesture of defeat, and repulsion.]

CURTAIN.

[NOTE.—Mercure should be represented as a Moorish page, in gaudy livery.]

ACT III.

THE SUPPER, AFTER THE BALLET.

SCENE. *The "Cordon Bleu,"---Two apartments, separated by doors and curtains---the doors open, but curtains partially drawn. For plan in full, see drawing.*

MARGOT and CELESTE discovered at door "B," listening. GEROME, CINQFOIL, NARCISSE, ANATOLE, HELENE, MADELON and CORALIE at supper, in inner apartment; the scene partially visible.

Up roar and clinking of glasses at curtain.

MARGOT. [*To CELESTE.*] Hush!

CELESTE. They drink her health!

CINQFOIL. [*Within.*] Order! Order! Silence, for my song!

MARGOT. O, the *gamin*! Next he will sing.

CINQFOIL. [*Sings.*]

*Clickety-click! He lifted the latch,
He opened the door—"Sir, who are you?"*

NARCISSE. [*Interrupting.*] Chorus! Chorus! Have mercy on us miserable sinners!

CINQFOIL. Order!

NARCISSE. Chorus!

MARGOT. Screech-owl! What a voice!

HELENE. Come! To the piano!

[*A crash heard, in inner apartment.*]

MARGOT. Save us!

CELESTE. They are here. [*Margot and Celeste cross R.*]

Enter, from inner apartment, door "B," HELENE, CINQFOIL, ANATOLE, NARCISSE and MADELON.---HELENE in advance, her dress gathered into an apron, from which she distributes bon-bons.

HELENE. This, for Monsieur Cinqfoil! This, for Anatole! This for Monsieur Narcisse! [*The gentlemen scramble on the floor, for the sweetmeats, which she scatters right and left.*] There, greedy children, you have had your supper. But we shall have nothing for to-morrow. Stay! This will do. A fig---a fig for to-morrow! [*Tosses it aloft. Goes to piano, L.*]

CINQFOIL. Yes, huzza!

NARCISSE and ANATOLE. [*Together.*] Huzza!

CINQFOIL. Viva, the new philosophy! Bon-bons, to-day—a fig, for to-morrow!—Buzz! buzz! buzz! I am the new patent teetotum! [*Whirling, his hands to his head.*] I am the next of kin to the Wandering Jew! When I come into my fortune, the fountains of Paris shall run Champagne! Pates shall grow on trees! A Strasbourg goose shall be sold for a sou! And but one luxury shall still be dear—woman—yes, lovely woman! [*HELENE, who has been playing with the keys, strikes a chord loudly, and turns her head. CINQFOIL turns toward her, and bows.*] Ladies, I particularly request that you will observe the moral of this woeful ballad. [*Sings, to HELENE'S accompaniment,*]

Clickety-click! He lifted the latch,
He opened the door—"Sir, who are you?"
"Oh, Madam, my dear, I am Renard the Fox,
And where is your husband the Wolf Garou?"
Garou! Garou! Garou!

A little more expression, Mademoiselle! A little more pathos, in the *pianissimo*! Hem! Second stanza! [*Sings.*]

He bowed; he flattered; he kissed her hand;
He swore, on his knees, to be tender and true.
"Oh, Madam, my dear, your claws are sharp!"—
"And so are my teeth!" said the Wolf Garou!
Garou! Garou! Garou!

MARGOT. [*Continuing her applause, after the laughter of the others has subsided.*] Encore! Encore! Encore! Encore! Encore! Or as a certain mutual friend might say—"Bravissima!" [HELENE, *her hands still on the keys, turns and regards her.*]

CINQFOIL. Excuse me! You satirize my voice, Mademoiselle? You depreciate my chest-tones?

MARGOT. Oh, Monsieur Cinqfoil! But it is the accompaniment, not the song, that I applaud. What feeling! One might almost say—a personal reminiscence. [HELENE *strikes the keys violently, and rises.*]

CINQFOIL. [*Rubbing his hands.*] *Tiens!* The battle begins.

HELENE. Monsieur Cinqfoil—a chair!

CINQFOIL. Yes, Mademoiselle. [*Goes to fetch one of the two chairs, R.*]

HELENE. No—I prefer the other. [*Points to the one upon which MARGOT leans.*]

MARGOT. Insolence! [*Goes up stage.*]

CINQFOIL. [*Fetching chair, which he places C.*] Non combatants to the rear!

HELENE. [*Seating herself.*] And now, pray tell me, have you heard—since listeners—you know the adage—

CINQFOIL. Prepare for action.

HELENE. It is said that Margot—our little Margot, of the ballet—who has thirsted so long for fame, will at last appear in print.

CINQFOIL. It is whispered, Mademoiselle.

HELENE. She has made a conquest, it seems—a veritable prize—a Russian Count, with an unpronounceable name, who has loaned her his diamonds for the Opera ball. She has returned his affection, too, if accounts be correct—but not in a way to please him. And now he will sue her in the courts, for the jewels, which she has *not* returned. Will it not make a pretty paragraph?

MARGOT. Oh, excellent!

CINQFOIL. Decidedly refreshing!

MARGOT. [*Coming down stage.*] If now I had but sent him to the wars!

HELENE. [*Rising.*] Cinqfoil! Who is this person?

MARGOT. "Person!"

HELENE. True, this is the "Cordon Bleu!" To one who entertains the public, all who pay are welcome; but if *I* were mistress here—

MARGOT. [*Quickly.*] Well, are you not mistress—*everywhere!*
[*A dead silence. They confront each other.*]

Enter, door "B," GEROME, and CORALIE.

CINQFOIL. [*After short pause.*] Oh, ladies, ladies—

HELENE. Why, what do you fear, Monsieur? That we will bite each other, or scratch with these little nails? But we have sharper weapons. [*To MARGOT.*] Say your say, my child. You have your motives. [*Crossing to table R. F., where her wraps have been thrown, puts on her hat.*]

GEROME. And pray, for good digestion's sake, don't mention anything of later date than yesterday.

MARGOT. [*Taking his arm.*] Ah, Baron!

GEROME. For what has been, is past; and for that much let us be thankful. And what is yet to be, Mordieu, will find us, when it arrives. Whatsay you to that, my little moralist? [*To Margot.*]

MARGOT. A comfortable creed. O, yes, Monsieur! And I should adopt it, too, had I as much to answer for, as—some I know of.

GEROME. Umph! Yes, yes. intended for wit, no doubt. To change the subject—[*To HELENE.*] Mademoiselle, it is proposed that the carriages be ordered. *Per contra*, it is proposed that we try our fortunes at *ecarte*. Which do you choose?

HELENE. [*Tieing the ribbons of her hat.*] Whichever you do not choose.

MARGOT. Ah! "Mordieu!" What say you to that, Sir Moralist?

GEROME. It is well! It is well! Yes, yes. Exactly so! But am I to understand—Once more—

HELENE. O, understand that I wish to be alone! [*Seating herself, petulantly; her arms across back of chair.*]

JOSEPH, *appears in inner apartment, and rearranges table.*

MARGOT. [*Sings mockingly.*]

"Oh, Madam, my dear, your claws are sharp!"

Cinqfoil, double or quits! I owe you the price of the greyhound puppy, at the fancier's shop, in the Rue St. Lazare. I am in luck, to-night. I claim my revenge.

GEROME. [*Turning quickly.*] And you shall have it.

MARGOT. Save us! You—

GEROME. Yes, Mademoiselle, I cry you mercy. And I beg to take a share in your revenge. Will you accept me as a partner?



MARGOT. If you dare !

GEROME. [*Crosses L. F.—pulls bell-cord.*] Joseph !

Enter JOSEPH, door "B."

JOSEPH. Yes Monsieur.

GEROME. Coffee and cards ! We have arranged for a party, at *ecarte*.

JOSEPH. Yes, Monsieur.

GEROME. And Joseph ! You may close the doors—since Mademoiselle desires to be alone.

MARGOT. [*Sings triumphantly.*]

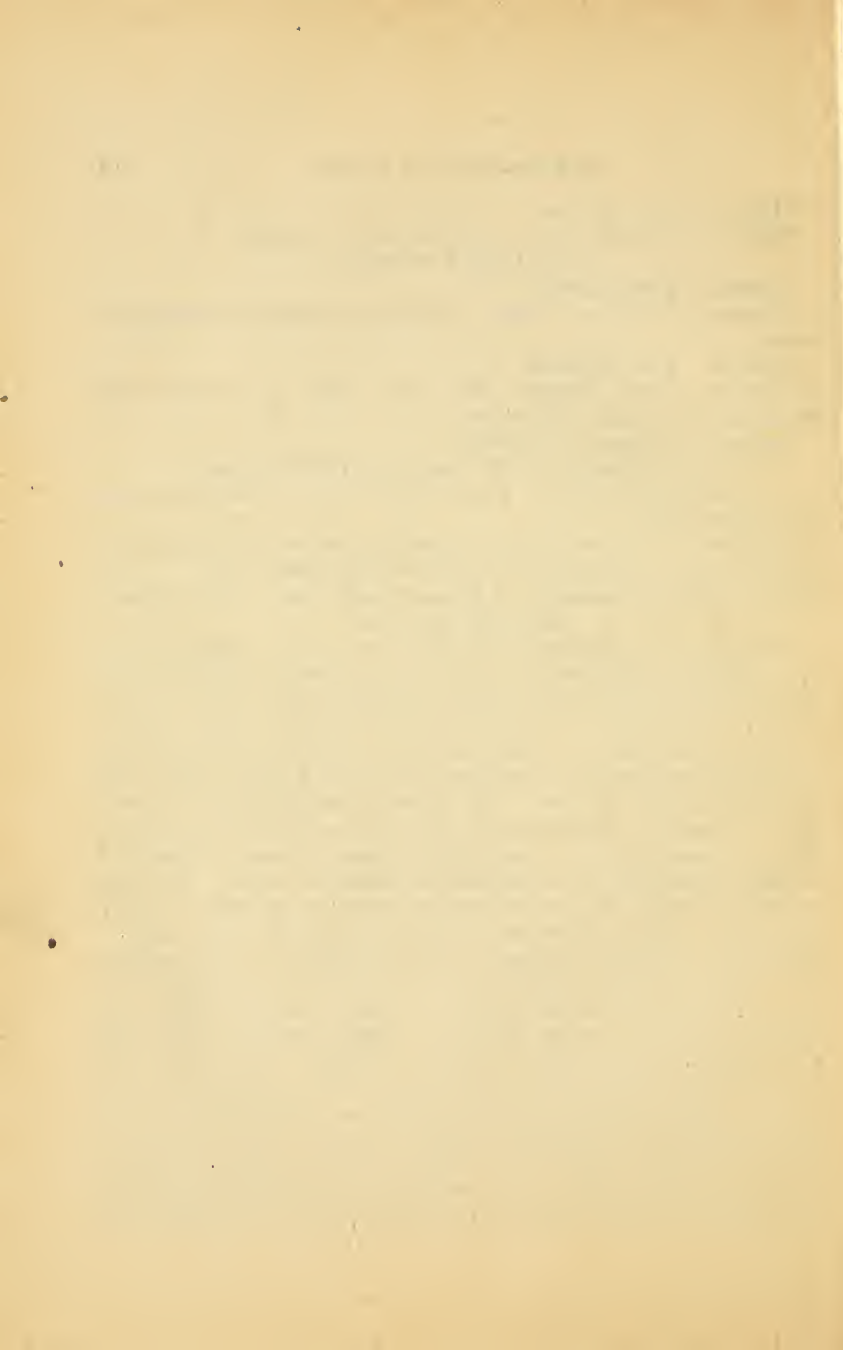
"And so are my teeth !" said the Wolf Garou !

CINQFOIL. [*Whirling.*] Buzz ! buzz ! buzz ! I am the new patent tee-totum !

MARGOT. You are a fool, *mon garcon*, since you understand but half of what you see, and nothing of what you hear.

Exeunt all but GEROME, and HELENE, door "B." JOSEPH, going last, closes the doors.

GEROME. So—Mademoiselle ! You have led me a pretty chase ! A pretty chase, Mordieu ! And this is my reward. I who believed myself the deceiver, am become the dupe—is this the state of affairs ?—the dotard—the slave of your insatiable caprice, and the laughing-stock of your amiable associates ! Is this the state of affairs ? Well, well, well, well ; but upon my life, will nothing satisfy the exactions of your tyranny ? Are there no bounds to your ambition ? Veritabily, Mademoiselle, whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad ; and you should not have forgotten—Mordieu !—that one may tire of fetters even as silken as yours, Yes, yes, Mordieu ! Well, why do you not celebrate your triumph ! Why, why, why ? Because you know that it is I who break the chain—that it is I who weary, at last, of a chase which no longer amuses me. [*HELENE rises, casting upon him, a glance of contempt.*] You sneer ! But behold the proof ! [*Takes letter from his bosom, HELENE extends her hand.*] All in good time. Mademoiselle, I have seen two score years, and ten—or nearly. I fancied that I knew the world. But I am an infant. The poets—their dreams only are true. All else is fiction. For look—here is a stripling who threatens my life—who positively thirsts for my blood ! And why ? Heaven knows ! I remember him a moon-struck youth, not many months ago, who foiled in a disreputable intrigue, swallowed his spite, in a spasm of better sense, and tramped away, to the thump of his



Majesty's drums. He has thriven too, it seems. He has cheated the bullet. And now he returns—for what? To thank me for having cured him of his folly? Mordieu, no, but to cut my throat—mine—the throat of the only man in Christendom, who has proven himself his friend. And this in an age of tailors, and hair-dressers, of powders and cosmetics! But am I Herod, that I should be guilty of a second slaughter of the innocents? Bah! I give you his life. [*Throwing letter at her feet.*] Yes, yes. And I advise you to reward an affection which has proven itself so constant. Madame, la Marquise, I wish you pleasant dreams. [*Exit door B.*]

HELENE. Coward! Does every one desert me?—But for all that I shall live. The world will have me? Let it take me then! Why should I struggle? [*Regarding the letter.*] And this is the messenger, that brings me word! O, little letter, little letter—Who is there? Can anything harm me after this! Open—tell me all! [*Kneels, catches up the letter.*]

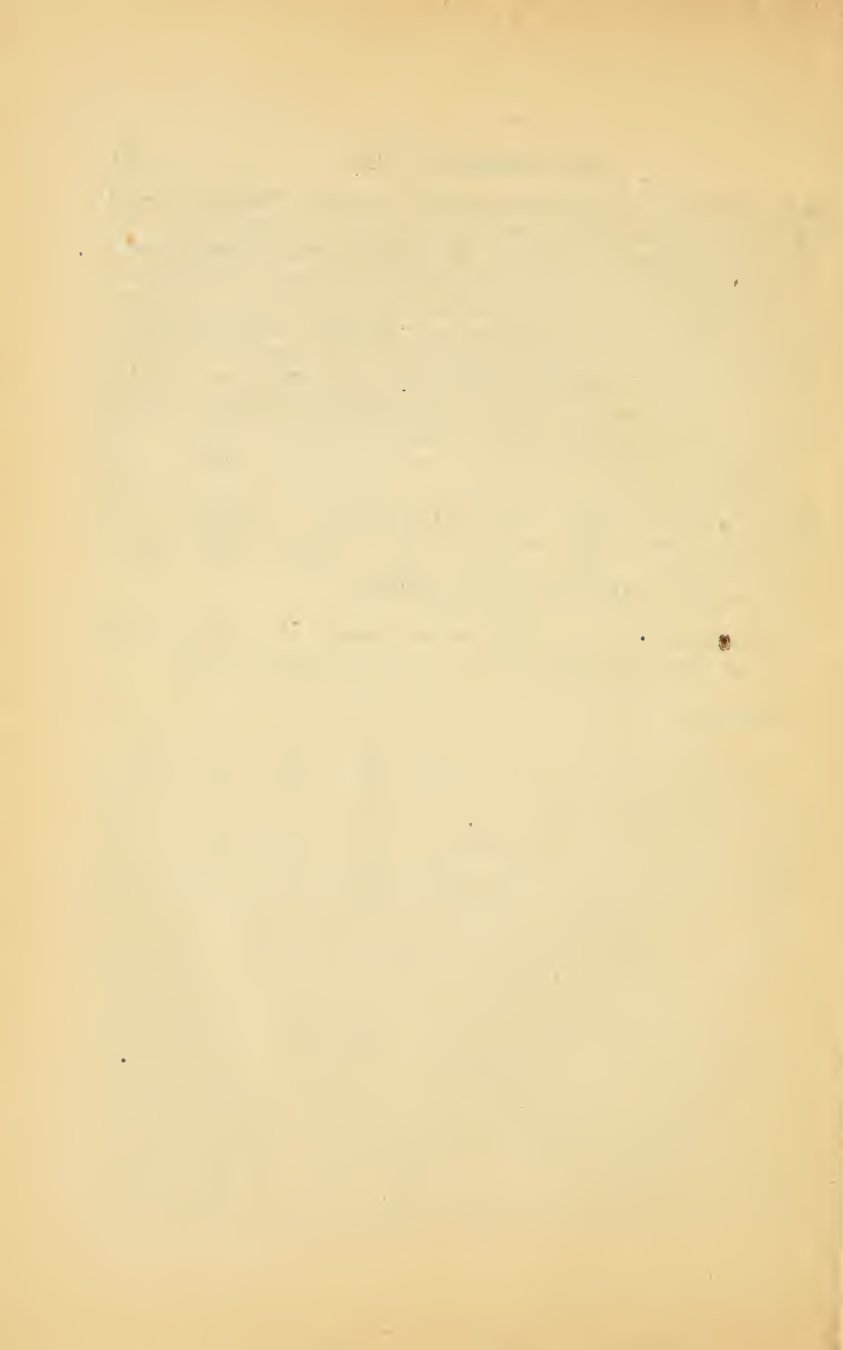
Enter TRISTAN door "A." His face is haggard; his dress the worn and travel-stained uniform of a sub-lieutenant of cavalry.

HELENE perceives him, and staggers to her feet.

TRISTAN. If Madam will pardon the disorder of my dress—since I have traveled far—far—and I scarce dared promise myself the honor of this interview. Ah, this at last is warmth. This is, indeed, another life than that of the frozen *steppes*. Here one need dream, no longer, of the lance of the Cossack. Has Madam heard? A half a million souls, we crossed the Niemen. Forty thousand we return. But I return. And is this your welcome? [*Advancing.*]

HELENE. [*Childishly—sinking into chair R.*] Pity!

TRISTAN. Pity! But where should you be safe, if not with me? And have I not come to you as I promised? What has been able to prevent me? Think of the many who will watch to-night, for those who shall not come! Death has not spared the husband to the wife, nor the father to the child—men who were bound to life by a thousand ties. They prayed, as they marched beside me—they stretched their hands, toward France—an army of ghosts! But I thought of you, and lived. And is this your welcome? ‘Pity!’ Then the story is told. You have no excuse to urge—no plea! Let me not hear your voice, for even that may turn me from my purpose. [*Turns away.*] Enough, that



there is one who may not be excused! Yes, there is one who shall find his tongue. [*Hand on sword.*]

HELENE. [*Hanging on his arm.*] For the love of Heaven!

TRISTAN. Ah! And I know where he hides. I have written him to meet me, but his answer is delayed; and it is well, for under that custom, which permits that noxious vermin may be crushed wherever found, I have determined that his punishment shall be as public as his shame, that his last contortion may amuse that world, before which he delights to pose and grimace. [*Springs toward door "B."* HELENE *interposes.*]

HELENE. As you love your life!

TRISTAN. Helene—

HELENE. Oh threaten, if you will! I, too, can be firm. And was it in Moscow, that you learned, Monsieur, to frighten women? But you should take another lesson: for know that those who have nothing left to hope, have neither anything to fear. And why should you wish to wreak your malice upon *him*? Once for all, let us understand each other. Only have patience; I swear to you that at last, you shall know me as I am. Is it that you fancy he has won my heart, from you?—My heart!—It is here, Monsieur. [*Hand upon heart.*] No one has stolen it. Assure yourself. It beats, and beats, and fills my veins with blood. It is warm, too. It is neither stone nor ice. Wound it, and it will bleed: frighten it, and it will flutter: it is not so very brave. But tell me that the kindest friend, whom I have ever known, is dead, *and cursed me dying*, and you shall feel it beating—just as calmly. Now will you fight for me?

TRISTAN. O—horror!

HELENE. Or shall I tell you more? Must I speak yet more plainly? Do you demand my full confession? Are you then yet so guileless, that you can guess at nothing? Must I recount to you, word by word, how I have misled you—how I have deceived you—and the motive, which has made me feign for you, a love which I cannot feel? Love! *What is love?* See—here is your foolish challenge to Monsieur. [*Presenting the letter, which she has received from the Baron.*] To-morrow your name will be the by-word of the streets. Do not be silly, though you may be mad. I am nothing; I came from nothing; I return to nothing! And all is over betwixt us. Go!

TRISTAN. Surely my reason has deserted me. In dreams I have

listened to such horrors—But to be awake—and hear—

HELENE. [*Fawning.*] But you will not risk your life, Monsieur, in such a cause!

TRISTAN. My life!

HELENE. Your future, too—the promise of your name!

TRISTAN. My *future*!

HELENE. Ah, you are angry. Shall we not be friends? If you but knew how much I pity you! Why did you come betwixt me and my destiny? But who can prevent what is to be! Promise me then, that at least you will spare me the guilt of blood

TRISTAN. Spare you! But why do you plead to me? Since it is destiny. We do not love—we do not hate—we do not avenge ourselves. Oh no! But who can prevent what is to be? I thank you, Madam. I, too, may have need of such excuses. I have a work to do—But let that pass. And we may part now—may we not? Since all is over betwixt us. Yes—since all is over. No more remonstrances! No more regrets. I thought to purchase you—but I had not the price. Yet all I had I gave. Well, well—we part as friends. Oh, yes. For let us not be silly, though we may be mad. Come! One last kiss! [*Advancing on her.*] Adieu! Adieu! What! You refuse?—Helene! Helene! I know not whether the sun shines any longer by day, or the stars by night: whether virtue and shame be not myths of men's imagination. This only I know, that I cannot live—I cannot *die* without you. Only unsay those frightful words! Be, but for one hour, again, the idol that my heart first worshiped, and let the world go straight to ruin. Or tell me that these are but the ravings of despair. That by their slanders, by their persecutions, they have closed all other doors! Tell me, and I will believe. But leave me some trust, some hope, some faith, in God or man. Speak to me. [*Kneels—catches her dress.*]

HELENE. Monsieur—I hear your voice, but it is across a gulf so broad, that all your kindness cannot bridge the way. My God, why *do* I live?

TRISTAN. [*Rising.*] Why it is true, then—true! And all the horrible, ghastly, shuddering tale—Siren! You for whom I have forsworn the very author of my being—you, for whose sake, I have inherited, from lips now closed forever, a forgiveness, more terrible than a curse—you, to whom I have sacrificed both memory, and hope—shall I have *nothing* in return? But there is yet a way. And since you cannot cross to me, I come to you. Yes, even this last

barrier shall not divide us! "Love!" But who speaks of love? It is not your love I seek—No—no—no—no! It is but this bit of painted flesh, that I reclaim; and who shall dispute my right! [*She retreats before him.*] Rank, fortune, name—I renounce them all. But you shall not escape me!

HELENE. Ah! [*Shrieks, falls headlong, C. F.*]

BEAUJOLAIS *springs through door A, interposing his arm, checks TRISTAN'S advance.*

BEAU. Stand fast!

TRISTAN. She is dead—

BEAU. Let us hope so—yes, for the sake or the living.

TRISTAN. Jacques, beware!

BEAU. What! You would bandy words! You!—I have heard all. Miserable! And is it here that you parade the trophies of your valor? [*Pointing to the decoration of the Legion, on Tristan's breast.*] Have you come thus far to crown your exploits, with a public brawl, on the floor of the "Cordon Bleu?" But do not answer. Luckily, the door stands open! Go, then, and thank a too indulgent fate, which for the second time has interposed me as a shield betwixt you, and dishonor. Quick! for already the hive begins to buzz. In another instant we shall have the swarm about our ears. There lies your road.

TRISTAN. [*Struggling with him.*] I will not.

BEAU. Wretch! Are you deaf to every call!

TRISTAN. Yes! Leave me! Here lies *my* fate. I go no further. [*Breaks away, crosses to HELENE, kneels and kisses her hand, endeavoring to restore her to consciousness.*]

BEAU. Perish then! Monsieur, the Baron Gerome! [*Stamping, and calling loudly.*]

All enter, door "B"—GEROME in advance.

GEROME. Who calls?

BEAU. It is I, Monsieur. You have done well to come. An hour since I came to you, the bearer of a cartel, demanding on this man's behalf, the payment of a sacred debt of honor. I believed him true. I would have sworn to his bravery, and good faith. But I was deceived. He is unworthy even of your sword. And now that the crime which you have committed—a crime disgraceful, in the eyes of earth, and Heaven—may not go begging

for redress, take this, Monsieur, from me! [*Strikes GEROME with his glove.*]

TRISTAN. [*Seizing BEAUJOLAIS.*] Jacques—

BEAU. [*Turning upon TRISTAN.*] Silence, dog! Attend! This man was my friend, and a soldier of France. I tear his friendship from my heart, as I tear this badge of knighthood from his breast. [*Tearing off the cross.*] I break his memory, as I break this sword across my knee. [*Drawing TRISTAN'S sword and snapping it.*] Henceforth, his name shall stand for infamy! Begone!

TRISTAN, *shaken off by BEAUJOLAIS, staggers toward HELENE, and falls, kneeling above her, covering his face.*

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

SCENE.—*A forest glade. Time.—Early dawn. For specifications see drawing.*

BEAUJOLAIS. [*Heard without, singing.*]

"Oh and if you are lover of mine," quoth she.

"And meet me, under the green-wood tree,

To-morrow at dawn, we'll wedded be!"

Tu whit! Tu whit! Tu whoo!

Enter BEAUJOLAIS, C. from L., through trees. Under the horseman's cloak in which he is muffled, he wears the dress of the preceding act. with sword. He looks about him.

No one? Then we are in time. [*Sings.*]

The hour is here, come fair or foul!

And here is the priest, with his cross and cowl,

"But where is the lady?" quoth the owl.

Tu whit! Tu whit! Tu whoo!

As BEAUJOLAIS concludes, enter TRISTAN, through trees, C. from L. He also is cloaked, and walks dejectedly, with head bent.

BEAUJOLAIS. By the eyelids of Morpheus, a proper time of day! Now under their silken coverlets, in their dim and perfumed chambers, slumber all the rosy little imps that spread the snares of

hate, and treachery, ambition, greed, and murder,—slumber, and purr, poor dears, with their pink toes turned to Heaven, as sweetly as though an east wind never blew, and throats were never cut at five o'clock in the morning. Ugh! What a nipping blast!

TRISTAN. Jacques—

BEAU. Aye, aye, you are there! Well, you have something to say to me, before we part.

TRISTAN. Yes—before we part.

BEAU. Say on my friend. I listen. But be brief; time passes.

TRISTAN. Yes, you listen—but you do not wish to hear. You hear—but you will not understand. And why do you say “my friend,” when in your heart, you curse me, and despise me? As who should not? My punishment is just. Ah, Jacques, how often have I envied you your strength! You are the great firm oak, you stand erect, you laugh at the winds, you defy the lightning! But the oak, too, has its parasite, a creeper so weak that a child may break it—but deadly! And such a friend, you have found in me! Can it be true? What a horrid dream! But at last, thank God, I waken. So it is here that you will meet him?

BEAU. What is that to you! Come! let us make an end of it. Who can recall the past? Not you, my friend, with all your regrets. Learn this—*the past returns not*. For what says the old saw: “He that is lucky, shall see to-morrow. But no man living shall see yesterday.” That is why the foolish are not wise: *Vi-delicet*—myself. As for you. I have known you—I have stood beside you, at the cannon’s mouth. You were brave; you were a man, then. Yes, I had better hopes for you. But it was not to be. Then came this Circe, and transformed you into the likeness of a brute. I heard your shameful words; I marked you go down upon your very knees, to forswear the little remnant of your manhood; and then, for the sake of the common cloth we wear, I assumed the charge of your honor. Yes, I have done this much, and it will cost me. That, too, may happen. For never doubt it, my friend, for all the fiddling, and for all the dancing, some one pays. And to-day, perhaps, some one’s debt is due. But that is my affair. And what does it signify? To-day, or to-morrow? This week, or the next? Shall we, that have footed the measure, dispute the bills? Let us even save our merriest *galop*, till the last; and when that is finished—

TRISTAN. Ah, and when that is finished?

BEAU. *Quien sabe!* Do you take me for a conjuror? But we shall all be wiser—when we know.

TRISTAN. Right! You are right. When we know! And since it is but a journey in the dark, why not be content to close one's eyes—and plunge! Is this the end of our philosophy? Let us part then. Farewell, Jacques.

BEAU. Faith, none too soon.

TRISTAN. I understand. I shall be one too many. But you will not refuse me one last embrace. I do not say "forgive me; for it is reparation that I owe you—not repentance. And who shall repair the consequences of my madness? These cannot be undone. That is my curse. Forget me then. It is the one kindness that I ask—*[He embraces BEAUJOLAIS, and with a rapid movement, draws the latter's sword from its scabbard.]* and go! A sword, for a sword! We are quits.

BEAU. What! Thief! You would rob me, too?

TRISTAN. No, I repay myself.

BEAU. Ah— *[Imposing silence upon TRISTAN.]*

Enter, C. from L., through trees, GEROME, CINQFOIL, and NARCISSE, all in the dress of the preceding act, with cloaks. NARCISSE carries sword.

GEROME. Who goes, there?

BEAU. *[Aside.]* I am disgraced forever. *[To TRISTAN, shielding him from view.]* Silence! Not a whisper.

GEROME. Mordieu! The ground is already occupied. Advance, Cinqfoil.

CINQFOIL. A frosty morning, gentlemen. The darkness forbids a recognition of your features, but you see before you, an unhappy trio, who have consented to do penance for their sins, by a pilgrimage, to witness the sun rise. Is this the route?

BEAU. *[In angry whisper to TRISTAN, struggling for possession of the sword.]* Give it me!

CINQFOIL. *[Alarmed.]* How now?

GEROME. An ambuscade?

BEAU. Ten thousand devils, no!

TRISTAN. Look Baron, it is I—I—Tristan, whom you seek! Coward, do you fly from me?

GEROME. To your arms, my friends!

BEAU. Hear me, Monsieur—

GEROME. To your arms! It is the *rendezvous*, of a bravo—an assassination; not a duel.

BEAU. But hear me, I entreat, before you judge me. Shall I swear to you, that this is but an infamous trick, of which I am the victim—that this man's presence here, is contrary to my express commands—that I have forbidden him, with threats, with insults, with all but blows—

TRISTAN. Hear *me*, Monsieur, for I *demand* a hearing. Shall I swear to you, that this man's words are true—that he is innocent of all that may occur, and that I alone am guilty! For disgraced, dishonored, as you see me, believe me, I have yet that instinct of my manhood, that I will not permit my dearest and most generous friend, to sacrifice himself in my defence. The time, and place you have rightly guessed, Monsieur, but your quarrel is with me.

BEAU. Will you be quiet?

TRISTAN. Never!

NARCISSE. Oh, for shame!

CINQFOIL. Come, Baron, to the carriage! Leave the brigands—I protest—

TRISTAN. [*To GEROME.*] But speak, Monsieur.

CINQFOIL. [*C.*] No—let me speak.

TRISTAN. And who are you?

CINQFOIL. Monsieur, when sober, I am called Cinqfoil, as you will find my name on any tradesman's book. And, if that does not please you, consider me the code—

TRISTAN. O, stand aside, Sir.

CINQFOIL. At your peril! I protest.—The code, Monsieur, which forbids this meeting, as an outrage.

TRISTAN. [*To GEROME.*] Then, it remains with you, Monsieur, to choose—and, on the instant—which best comports with the code, by which you regulate your honor—to grant me, here, and now, the redress, which my wrongs demand, or to receive, at my hands, the chastisement due to a poltroon?

BEAU. Monsieur will not forget that it was I who struck him with the glove—

TRISTAN. Let him decide.

CINQFOIL. Baron—

GEROME. Cinqfoil, who appointed you my Mentor. [*To Tristan.*] Monsieur, you are young—let us say, perhaps, *too* young—to stake your life, on a game, so illy “worth the candle.” And I,

Mordieu, might well confess myself too old. But if nothing less will suffice, understand that I yet profess myself a gentleman. [*Bowing.*]

TRISTAN. You hear : I have won.

BEAU. Not yet.

TRISTAN. But I *shall* win.

CINQFOIL. Then, Baron, you will fight? You will positively fight!

GEROME. My good Cinqfoil—[*Divesting himself of his cloak.*]

CINQFOIL. But to cut each other's throats, like common butchers!

BEAU. Faith, if the gentleman is not yet satisfied, I undertake to quiet his scruples—if some one will provide me with the means.

TRISTAN. Do not think of it. As you love fair play! Let the rush-light find its own extinguisher. I forbid you to lift an arm. And now that all is arranged—

BEAU. [*Aside to TRISTAN.*] Madman! He is the hero of a dozen *affaires*.

TRISTAN. Pray gentlemen, let us have no more delay; for, see, already it grows light. We shall be interrupted.

BEAU. Then a final word of protest—

TRISTAN. Words! Words! Words! Has Monsieur, a choice of place, of weapons—let him name them.

BEAU. Patience! [*To GEROME.*] Monsieur, I am your debtor.

GEROME. Pardon me.

BEAU. And though the account has been transferred—

GEROME. Exactly so—the account has been transferred.

TRISTAN. Then what remains to be said?

GEROME. Nothing. Monsieur is right. [*To BEAU.*] You are no longer a party to the contract. I have accepted the obligation of another, and I credit you in full. Respect, I beg, the impatience of youth.

TRISTAN. Enough!

BEAU. In that case, are you ready?

TRISTAN. Yes!

GEROME. Yes!

BEAU. Guard! Begin!

They engage; TRISTAN fighting furiously—GEROME warily. TRISTAN receives a thrust.

BEAU. A hit!

TRISTAN. No—it is nothing.

BEAU. Hold, Monsieur, he bleeds.

TRISTAN. I tell you it is nothing. Look Monsieur, I ask no quarter, and I give none. This decides.

GEROME. Come on.

They again engage. After a rapid exchange of thrusts, TRISTAN strikes GEROME's sword from his hand.

TRISTAN. Ah!

CINQFOIL. Part them!

BEAU. Back!

NARCISSE. He is disarmed. Would you see him murdered?

TRISTAN. Silence! Let *him* speak. His life is in my hands. He has played, and lost. If it be worth the saving, let him beg for it.

NARCISSE. Oh, monstrous!

GEROME. Narcisse—give me leave. [*Commanding himself, with an effort—to TRISTAN.*] At that cost, it is not worth saving. Strike, Monsieur!

TRISTAN. [*Regards GEROME, for an instant, with his sword at the latter's breast. Aside.*] Satan, himself, has yet one virtue. Gentlemen, approach. You are the witnesses to this encounter. Has it been fairly fought?

BEAU. "Fairly?"

TRISTAN. Answer! And even were it to cease here, honor would be satisfied—without the necessity of further bloodshed?

CINQFOIL. That is without dispute, Monsieur.

TRISTAN. Why then, my debts are paid.

GEROME. Coward, will you strike?

TRISTAN. No! I condemn you to *live*—[*Throwing away his sword.*] for look—it is I alone, who claim the privilege of death. [*Tearing open his garments, and displaying the blood-stain above his heart. Staggering.*]

BEAU. Ah! He is wounded!

NARCISSE. Help!

TRISTAN. Forbear! Let no man touch me! I am stabbed, past surgery. And it is just. The life which I here surrender, has been doubly forfeited! But as for this man, who has loaned to vice the authority of rank, and the gray hairs of age—who, in his

second childhood, shames the follies of his first—how shall I mark him, that those who come after me, may avoid the contagion of his crimes? How, but thus—with the accursed brand of Cain! [*Pressing his hand upon his heart, steps forward and imprints the bloody stain upon the forehead of GEROME. Stagger, falls into BEAUJOLAIS' arms.*] Ah, Jacques—bear witness for me, that I spared him—and forgave—the other. [*Dies.*]

BEAU. [*Lowering him to the ground, and kneeling above him.*] Dead!

The sound of wheels, heard without.

CINQFOIL. Hark!

NARCISSE. Carriage wheels! Fly! Save yourself, Monsieur!

CINQFOIL. We are discovered. [*Attempts to drag away GEROME, who remains spell-bound.*]

GEROME. Who accuses me? Hands off, Cinqfoil! I take you all to witness, that I warned this man.

BEAU. Trickster! Assassin! [*Throws cloak, over TRISTAN'S body.*]

GEROME. His blood be on his own head.

BEAU. [*Taking up the sword which has fallen from TRISTAN'S hand.*] Guard! Defend yourself!

GEROME. O, sir, I'll answer for my work!

BEAU. Guard! Guard! [*He attacks GEROME.*]

Enter HELENE, C. from L.

HELENE. Help! Part them, there! [*Rushing between the combatants; throwing up their blades. Falls, kneeling.*] Put up your swords, Messieurs, in the Emperor's name! Ah, Saints of Grace! I feared to be too late; but all is well. [*Rising.*] A pretty game, to play, Monsieur, the Captain—O, and a shrewd one, too! But you shall answer for this. As for you, Monsieur, [*To GEROME.*] a word, in your ear. Be wise. I have given information—all is known. The carriage waits for you yonder. Adieu!—Well, why does no one speak?

BEAU. Be silent, all, I command you.

HELENE. You? You cruel Jacques! You think to frighten me? What masquerade is this?

BEAU. None—for the masque is ended. This is the unmasking. [*Drops sword, and advancing, seizes her hand.*] Why do you shrink from me?—And you, too, sorceress—shall we not



know you at last, for what you are, despite, your many disguises? To-day, you wear the dancer's tunic—to-morrow the robe of the princess; but the heart that beats beneath, is one. Are you not she who ravaged Greece—who desolated Troy? You tremble. What have you to fear? Your victims perish, but *you are immortal*. And do you now come to celebrate your latest triumph? Behold your work! [*Throwing her past him, toward TRISTAN'S body.*]

HELENE. Ah! [*A piercing shriek, at sight of the body which she now for the first time observes. She pauses for an instant, gazing wildly alternately at BEAUJOLAIS, and GEROME; kneels, extends her hand; withdraws it shuddering; then with the swiftness of desperation, throws back the covering from TRISTAN'S face, and recoiling, stands erect.*] Murderer! [*With a malignant backward glance at BEAUJOLAIS. With a single movement of the arm, she wraps her mantle about her head, concealing her features, and facing audience, sinks slowly to her knees.*]

BEAU. Look, look, my friends, this is indeed Helene! This is that gift of Aphrodite—fairest and most fatal of the daughters of Eve, whose beauty, as of old, is still a curse, whose love is death; but whose thousand wrongs, unrighted and unavenged of men, shall plead to the good God, let us trust, in expiation of her follies—and so, at His bar, let her answer.

CURTAIN.

END.

THE

Judgment of Paris!

A TALE OF THE
BORDER-LAND OF ART.

IN FOUR ACTS.

—BY—

W. W. YOUNG.

24

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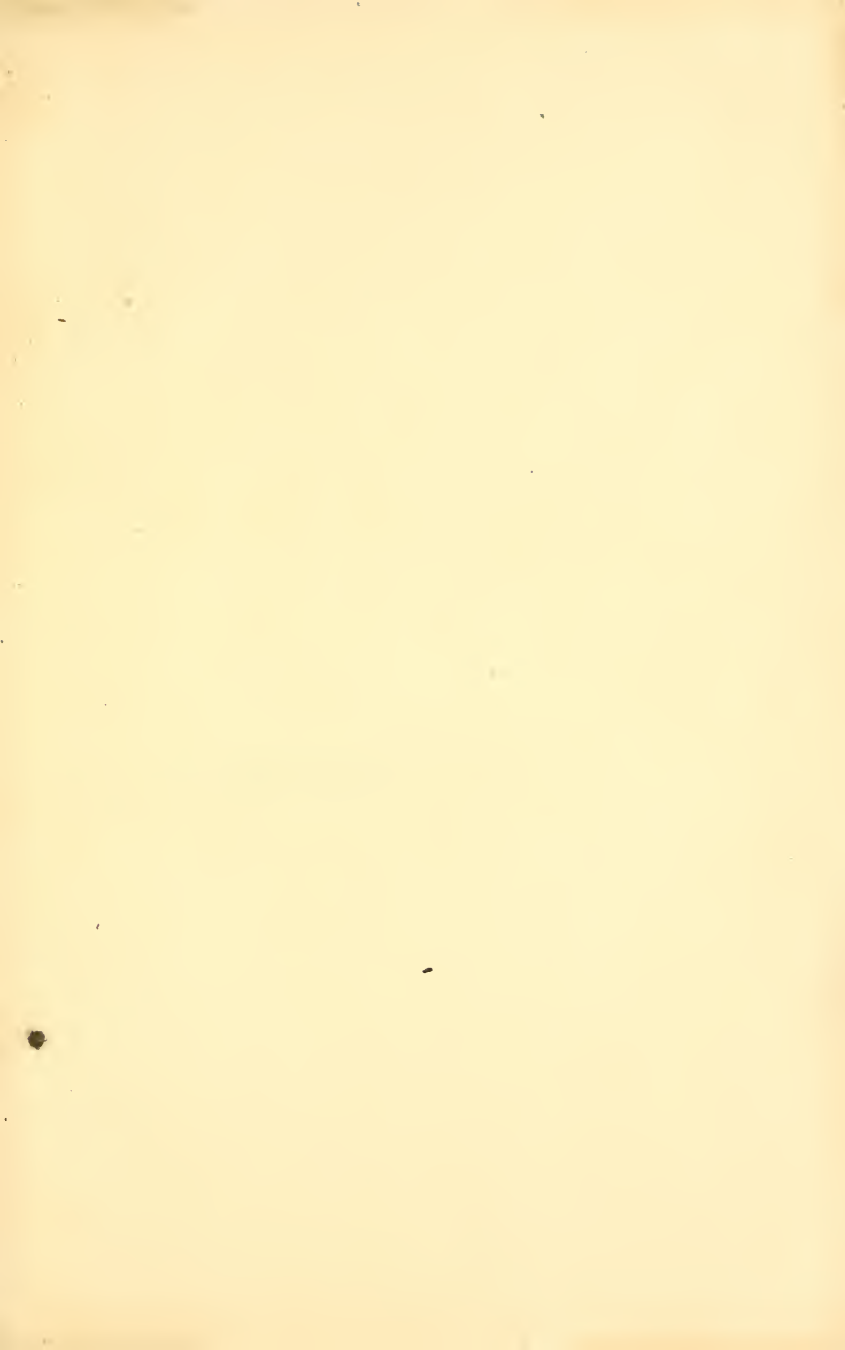
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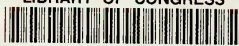
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